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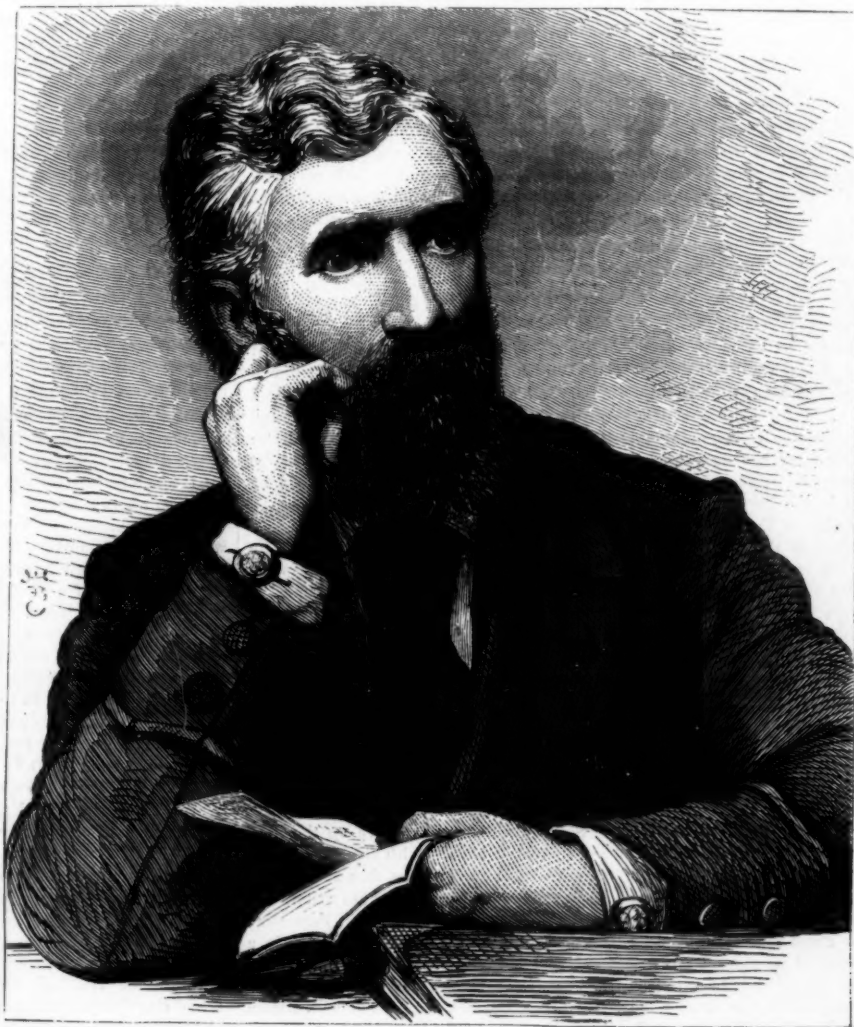
[Vol. XI.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

WHEN the essays entitled "My Summer in a Garden," after gaining the favor of a local public, were collected in a volume and reached the outer world, the book was

keeping with the work, being, like the latter, the product of a healthy, wise, humorous, and purely American mind. It was very plain, as the Plymouth spokesman averred, that the

that years of growth and experience lay behind the shrewd and sunny humor, the radical soundness, of his unique out-of-door treatise; that somewhere, as the introduction



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found to flow with that good wine which needs no bush. Not even the graceful introductory letter of Mr. Beecher was required to commend it—and yet that letter is in apt

essayist had "long employed his eyes, his ears, and his understanding, in observing and considering the facts of Nature, and in weaving curious analogies." It also was plain

said, work had come in—"real, well-considered work." Again, the volume bore the quaint impress of a New-England writer, Puritan by tradition and association. It seemed

as if one of Beecher's cousins, the prose-poet of the family, possessing his kinsman's charity, wisdom, and kindly merriment, yet of a somewhat finer brawn, were inviting us to seasonable delectations. We saw a descendant, haply, of Hooker, or Pierson, or Edwards, at work in his amateur garden, and throwing up the earth so freshly beneath our nostrils that a genuine savor of Nature made "that and the action fine."

There are books that show their authors, and books that do not. Let us see how nearly our ideal of the Hartford gardener resembled the man himself, and what kind of experience and work led up to the surprise of his mature production.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER was born in 1820, of English Nonconformist stock. When only five years old he lost his father—a farmer in the hill-country of Plainfield, Massachusetts—who died at the early age of thirty-six. The father was a man of parts, though not college-bred; possessed a fair library; wrote and lectured in a modest way, and had his own opinions upon theological and other mooted points. He was a lineal descendant from one of the Mayflower pilgrims. His wife was a Hitchcock, also of pure English lineage, and cousin of the eminent New-York divine who bears the name. Our humorist, therefore, was born within that Brahman caste of which Holmes says that, change the surnames as you will, the old blood and spirit will reassert themselves under unsuspected titles and conditions. His early training was that of a period when purpose and surrounding influence amounted to so much, while academic education, through a defective system, was of far less account than it was reputed to be.

In these days education is beginning to be understood. Teaching has been organized; the department of science has been created; and boys in the low forms have a more radical knowledge of the classics than was at the command of those who drilled their fathers. In the matter of text-books, and all the aids that smooth a royal road to learning, our children have facilities strangely in contrast to those afforded by the down-east "academy" of thirty years ago. And yet—and yet! the modern boys, though more apt and at their ease, have not the snap and purpose, the eager ambition, which then and there were manifest. The difference is one of atmosphere. The New-England idea of success in life has changed; gone, too, that more than Scotch, more than Gascon, conceit which made every Yankee boy believe that his lot and chances were superior to those of any other youngster in the world. There was a time when each one of the leading pupils in any high-school thought to become a modern Shakespeare or a President of the United States, and had resolved to stop at nothing less; and each was as proud and self-reliant as the most jealous musketeer among the "Forty-five Guardsmen." Where are such boys now? Very likely it is just as well that the race has passed away.

In young Warner's case a wholesome amount of ambition made amends for a somewhat desultory training. Half his early struggles arose from the necessity of seeking out

a career, and from an undue reverence for a tradition, current in those days, which exaggerated the importance of entering upon one of "the learned professions." While yet a child, he was placed in the family of a kinsman at Charlemont, on the Deerfield River. His relations were of the New-England type—kind, refined, orthodox people, rigid in Sunday observances, discountenancing fiction and light reading that might pervert the youthful mind. The instinct of an imaginative child disbelieves in these restrictions; such books as the "Arabian Nights" are like love—they laugh at locksmiths—and the boy borrowed them from his mates, and enjoyed them with a zest known only to the eater of forbidden fruit. Meanwhile he went to the district school, readily acquiring what could there be taught him, and forgetting it before his mind found any thing else to feed on. In 1842 his mother removed to Cazenovia, New York, where he found better instruction, and had access to books and miscellaneous literature. In three years, at the age of sixteen, he was fitted for college, as the phrase goes; but his guardian wished him to enter business, and opposed a continuation of his studies. Another year was employed in various pursuits: he was a post-office clerk, read current literature, tried his hand at writing, but finally revolted, and entered Hamilton College. Here he went through the course, and graduated in 1851, writing the English prize-essay of the year. Besides a taste for scholarship, he had acquired a wide knowledge of books, and a college reputation as a writer. After all, college had done for him what it does for others of his cast—had given him a library to his use, the communion of kindred spirits, an atmosphere of emulation and thought. As for his culture, he was born cultured, if I may so express it, otherwise his tastes would have been all unsettled by the struggles of the next succeeding years.

In his endeavor to make his way he had a versatile post-graduate experience. He read law, ventured into print, and even delivered a lecture or two. He compiled a "Book of Eloquence;" then, after devoting half a year to the establishment of his health, projected a magazine which was to be issued at Detroit. The publisher failed, and Warner's project ended with the first number. After a listless winter in Michigan, he went with a surveying-party to Missouri, and led a rough frontier-life for a couple of years. One winter was spent in New York, mostly at the Astor Library. He thought of writing a life of Sir Philip Sidney, but gave up the idea, and contented himself with sundry contributions to *Putnam's Magazine*, then at its prime, when to be numbered among its writers was of itself a certificate of talent. Possessors of the "old series" will be interested in a reperusal of the articles entitled "Salt Lake and the New Saratoga," "Our New Atlantis," and "Dick Pastel's Story," and will discern in them tokens of the humor and good sense which, years after, were to make their author one of our most popular writers. Warner, however, underrated the value of his gift, and would not have his determination to become a lawyer checked by any literary success. He pursued his legal studies in the office of

Daniel C. Dickinson, at Binghamton, and at last, in 1856, was admitted to the bar. Having thus arrived at the vantage-ground of a profession, he bethought himself of marriage. If he had paid too dearly for the former acquisition—and I am not wholly sure of that; any study has its uses, and it is worth something to fulfill an undertaken work—he was, at last, abundantly compensated by his other decisive step, as all know who have been admitted to his household. A woman often mars or makes her husband's fortunes; and when earnestness, grace, tact, and pride in a man's genius, are given to him with the treasure of his wife's devotion, success in life is very close at hand.

For a couple of years, at Chicago, Warner followed a profession wholly distasteful to him, when, as if by accident, he chanced upon his true vocation. It is a saying that most editors have drifted into journalism, and so they have until latterly, when the "fourth estate" has reached a distinctive organization. It is an older saying that a rolling stone gathers no moss, but a stone must find steadfast support and uses, or continue to keep in motion. Hence the seeming restlessness of young men who are seeking a field and opportunity. If they die young, they die misunderstood; but if, like Warner, they continue, all comes right in the end. Talent, moreover, is like the vine in our humorist's essay, and will find the pole it has to climb, at any distance and without a guide. The difference between an old country and a new is here well illustrated. Turn a university-man into the world of England, where every place is marked "taken," and what a hapless future awaits him! Possibly that of an usher in a charity-school, more defenseless than a hedger and ditcher. If he has grit and brains he may come to something, yet the chances are woefully against him. In America, where there are "but three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves," the whole of a son's fortune is well spent upon his training, though he must go out into life with the tastes of a gentleman, and no income to sustain them. Poverty, doubt, change, but also courage, ambition, and, above all, a growing country, with room for many aspirants—a country, too, where everybody votes and reads, so that political journalism is an open and honored profession into which it is not strange that a man of letters eventually should "drift."

This, in fact, was the calling for which Warner's experience had fitted him, and in which an opportunity occurred at the decisive time. That he was a born writer his varied productions already had shown. Coming from old Whig stock, he took an interest in politics; and, being a Massachusetts man, naturally was a Whig, an abolitionist, and a Republican. He had written letters from the West to the *Hartford Press*, of which his friend Hawley (since major-general, governor, and Congressman) was the editor. Hawley, seeing where Warner's talents lay, prevailed upon him, in 1860, to give up practice, remove to Hartford, and take a position as assistant-editor upon the *Press*. The rest is soon told. Beginning with a small salary, he found himself, when the war broke out in

1861, left as editor-in-charge, Captain Hawley having taken up the sword with which he was to win such laurels. Warner staid behind, much against his liking, and would far liefer have done service in the field than have conducted the newspaper-campaign. Eight years of unflagging journalistic labor ensued, each season bringing the firmer hand, the more assured success. When the *Press* was merged in the *Courant*, Warner became one of the proprietors of the staunch old Connecticut organ, and to this hour is still the chief editorial writer upon its columns. The *Courant* is the leading Republican newspaper in Connecticut; the State party-organization may be said to radiate from that office; there are no busier, and few more influential, journalists than its present editor. In 1868-'69 he had a vacation, and spent a year or more in Europe, the fruit of which is seen in the picturesque letters and sketches now collected in his book of "Saunterings." His engrossing and successful professional labor could not restrain a yearning for literary expression, and those who, like him, have been kissed in their cradles by the spirits of fancy and sentiment, will readily understand that he was not wholly content. But he was yet to have in completeness what he had "desired greatly in his youth"—a hearty recognition of his title to a place in the brotherhood of authorship.

"My Summer in a Garden" was a series of weekly papers, written for the *Courant* during the spring and summer of 1870. The constituency of this journal was delighted with their freshness and vivacity, and eagerly perused them as they appeared. Exchanges copied them, and their author suddenly found himself a man of note. Reprinted in a book, they brought him a reputation at home and abroad that well might compensate him for years of waiting and exclusion from his natural pursuit. The style of this idyllic volume is not without blemishes almost inseparable from work produced in moments stolen from daily journalism—but its unpromeditatedness gives it a peculiar charm. As a whole, it is rare, deliciously quaint, and not without a suggestion of reserved strength. Its droll outlines of "human nature" commend it to the general public, its clearness and ease of style to experienced literary men. It is the production of a Congregational humorist, who, despite his orthodoxy, sees the limitations of any creed, and looks with pleasant distrust upon extremes of doctrine and discipline. What a Parson Yorick is lost in the homilist who names his cat "Calvin," and in whose mind "pusley" and sin are insensibly associated throughout the chapters of this truly pastoral discourse!

"Back-Log Studies" was Mr. Warner's next response to the call for more work from his hand. Over this agreeable complement to his garden-essays the household Lares preside; the scene is removed from the open air to the chimney-corner; before the fire on the hearth a world of travel and imagination is reflected in the thought and language of a social group. Hence a wider and more suggestive range than in the preceding volume. Our prose-poet here takes hold of morals, sentiment, and modes, with a dainty lightness

of touch—again conveying an impression that he is not putting forth all his strength—confining himself by certain limits, yet within those bounds giving us delightful and satisfactory work, of the class which Mr. Higginson aptly designates as literature of the Meditative School. It is possible that the author, now that he had a popular bearing, desired to make his calling and election sure, by gaining the affections of a host that delight in "offices of tenderness, and pay meet adoration to my household gods." As a piece of literary workmanship, "Back-Log Studies" is an advance upon his earlier productions. Much of it is cast in the form of dialogue, but the characteristic monologues which frequently occur are the portions wherein Mr. Warner is wholly at ease, and exhibit his most attractive delicacy of thought and style.

A different order of expediency may have suggested the partnership which he formed, only last year, with that prince of drolls, Mark Twain. The consequence is familiar to a noble army of bucolic readers, who have absorbed so many thousands of that remarkable satiric-novel, "The Gilded Age." This is a book by which no author should be judged; let us rank it with Scott's "Napoleon," Hawthorne's "Life of Pierce," Hood's "Comic Annual," and similar works, entered upon with other than purely literary intent. If authors at any time have a right to club together for a rollicking lark of this kind, two humorists, who are "so near and yet so far," for once may be allowed that diversion. At the best, a modern subscription-book, like a poet's lecture or "interview," is out of the pale of art decidedly an irregular undertaking. In this one there is some good writing, and in occasional passages we see that the authors' minds took fire by their own friction, and enlivened the grotesque action or satire of the tale. All in all, however, Mr. Warner has no right to complain of the chaffing which he has received for his share in this venture. There is compensation in all things; and to his friends the gratifying feature of the pecuniary success which has justified the title of "The Gilded Age" is, that our gentle Yorick, no longer disquieted by

"that eternal want of pence
Which vexes public men,"

henceforth can devote himself to better work, and need not be tempted into this sort of "prospecting" again.

The jest and delicate fancy which have made him a favorite, are only a relief to his thoughtful cast of mind, and to the earnestness with which he regards the social problems of our time. That he is a man of convictions, and devoted to the advancement of true reform, appears throughout his books and editorial writings, and no less in the occasional addresses which he has been invited to deliver. Take, for illustration, the Bowdoin address on "Higher Education," and especially a catholic and scholarly production, delivered in 1872 at Hamilton College, entitled "What is your Culture to me?" The latter is one of his ripest efforts, and, like his rejoinder to Mr. Froude's pessimistic essay on "Progress," one by which a critic

can fairly estimate the intellect and motives of the man. With a love for culture, and instinctive sympathy with those who desire its extreme development, his practical sense is not satisfied with dilettanteism; he calls upon the scholar to make his poetry and learning subserve the wants of the toiling and aspiring multitude. Readers who deem his graceful sketches too light food, will find a solid regimen of thought condensed in this admirable appeal, lightened no less by the shrewd humor which never is quite absent from his gravest work. The style, I may add, is entirely worthy of the theme.

"Baddeck and Other Things" is Mr. Warner's latest book of travel, and his contribution to this summer's literature. Two qualities in this little volume, and in "Saunterings," render him a most companionable guide. The first is a knack of recording things which we ourselves would like to see and hear, but of which commonplace travelers always forget to tell us. His chapters under the head of "Bavaria," in "Saunterings," depict the every-day life of that modern Attica with naturalness and fidelity, and go over much ground that is absolutely new. Again, in "Sorrento Days," how delightful the chapter on "The Price of Oranges!" The fruit itself, "soaked in the sun," the Italian gardeners with their Phrygian caps, the basking multitude, the climate, the "rich possession of the eye," are all before the reader. A perusal of this chapter, and of that entitled "Children of the Sun," conveys to us the realization of what, in most books of travel, is but the hazy atmosphere of a dream. Quite as original and well defined are the Norseland pictures in "Baddeck:" the cool, clear skies, the shimmering stars, the breeze, the barrenness, the salty coast, are simply and strongly painted. Another excellence of these descriptive sketches is, that so much is made of a simple or trite theme. The trip to Baddeck is almost devoid of incident, yet we pursue it with an interest like that belonging to a tramp with Thoreau through the tangled wilderness, or along the endless stretches from Nauset to Race Point.

An extended notice of Mr. Warner's writings does not come within our present limits, otherwise some of the foregoing remarks might be illustrated most agreeably by extracts from his early and later works. I should like to quote his anathema of the gas-log fire—a fraud, which no one can poke, and before which no cat would condescend to lie down—a "centre of untruthfulness," demoralizing the life of an entire family. I should like to transfer his picture of King Jehoiakim sitting by the hearth-stone, reading the *Memphis Palimpsest*, or the contributions of Sappho and Anacreon to the *Attic Quarterly*. In his graver passages the language is pure, without extravagance—held in with a sort of dry restraint, betokening the genuine Yankee aversion to outspoken sentiment—a disdain of any thing like "gush." Half-ashamed of the happiest descriptions in the story of his Northern tour, he relieves them with light mirth, and is almost Hudibrastic in comparing the slow rising of the sun to that of the sluggish ferryman at Canoe. But these matters are in every reader's mem-

ory. He has been chided for occasional slips of language, and his merrier work has been too seriously taken as a gauge of his prevailing motives or cast of thought. The arduous requirements of his profession should be kept in mind. As a journalist, he discusses every topic, and for years his labors have been steadfast and severe. Unquestionably, he has put the best part of his strength into editorial life. Besides taking an active interest in social and national reform, he has done much to liberalize and elevate the standard of journalism in his adopted State. It is a good thing that his humor has buoyed him up through all this service, and bubbled over for the enjoyment of the reading world; that his heart is so green; that he is enabled to give his writings a finish that steadily improves in quality, and which few can excel. Should he yet obtain the leisure which it would seem that he has fairly earned, I doubt not that he will produce a work that shall gratify his most exacting critic, and represent in their maturity the charm and wisdom of his highest powers.

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

PERRY VANCE'S FATE.

PERRY VANCE was a bachelor—old bachelor, as some people were impolite enough to qualify the word, although he was, in reality, several years short of the fatal forty, where a man's friends are first justified in thus labeling him. But then Mr. Vance seemed so confirmed and hopeless a Cœlebs that it was small wonder if those who knew him fell into the way of giving him brevet rank, in the conviction that the future would be as the past. His own mother was a sharer in this belief, reluctantly enough, for she was not the sort of mother to be jealous of "the not impossible she" that might come to divide her domestic empire; on the contrary, it was the seeming impossibility of such a she which caused all her anxiety. Almost from the time Perry had come out of round jackets, Mrs. Vance had occupied herself with the question of his marriage, and had set trap after trap for him; perhaps it was the early consciousness of this that made him so wary; it is certain that he moved among all these snares with a circumspection and security which would have driven any ordinary plotter long since to despair. But Mrs. Vance was an indomitable little woman; though she had lost hope, she had never lost spirit, and no sooner did one castle tumble down, than she proceeded to build a finer one on its ruins as composedly as if she had not beheld the fall of a hundred such structures already.

By means of much practice, these two had acquired a pretty thorough knowledge of each other's manner of fencing, so that Perry could form a tolerably correct notion of what was coming when one morning, at breakfast, his mother looked up from a letter she had been reading, and turned to him.

"Perry," said she, "I had forgotten to tell you I was expecting my friend Mrs. Wilkie and her daughter to spend next week here—"

"Such a pity I had not known your plans!" blandly interposed Perry, regarding the bottom of his coffee-cup with an air of the deepest concern, "then I could have made my own accordingly. As it is, Tom Grover—"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Vance. There was no need for her to hear further; it was not by any means the first time that Tom Grover had served as Perry's scape-goat in like extremity. Perry, however, went on glibly, without taking any notice of the intelligent tone of her exclamation:

"Tom Grover wants me to go down to his place next week. Frank's making a trip north, he tells me, and he has asked two or three people to meet him. He made such a point of my coming, and it would be rather awkward, you know, to go back from my promise."

All of which argument was indisputable so far as it went, only that Mr. Perry Vance somehow omitted to mention one trifling circumstance which might have rather changed the aspect of affairs: this was, that he had not as yet given his promise, but, was even now vowing to rush at once to Tom Grover and commit himself irrevocably, in order to escape the threatened invasion. Mrs. Vance probably was not without her suspicions as to the true state of the case, but she only said, in a resigned tone:

"Well, Perry, I should have liked you to meet the Wilkies, certainly; but, if you have other engagements, of course there is no use in talking about it."

She took it so easily that Perry looked at her keenly for a moment, half fancying some deep-laid plot under that serene countenance, then concluded that she had at last made up her mind to the inevitable. "Poor mother!" he said to himself, with a kind of compunctious smile, "for her sake I almost wish I could shut my eyes and walk into the trap, but I suppose there's a fate in these things, and I'm convinced mine was to live and die a bachelor."

Perry had told nothing but the strict truth in saying that Tom Grover made a point of his coming to him; so that gentleman was as delighted at Perry's change of mind as amused by its cause. For on that subject there were no concealments between these two old comrades, and Tom, with a good-will nothing less than treasonable in a married man, had helped his friend out of more than one danger.

"Dilly won't stay to be killed," said Tom, with a malicious laugh over the disappointment in store for "the designing young woman," as he called the poor unknown Miss Wilkie. "All the better, old fellow! I know Georgie never would forgive either of us if you were to be gobbled up by this foreign invader, for, between ourselves, she is bound to marry you to some cousin, or aunt, or grandmother, of her own."

(Georgie was Tom's wife, a bright little brunette of a woman, who had taken a great liking to Perry, and declared him a thousand times too good for the old-bachelor rank.)

"Foreign or domestic foe," said Perry, in reply to Tom's remark, "it is all one to me, and I defy them alike." Which was not

only an ungallant but a rash challenge on the part of Mr. Vance, for which he deserved to be punished.

If Perry had accepted his friend's invitation in the first instance as a means of escape, he certainly had reason to congratulate himself on finding so agreeable a way out of his dilemma. Tom Grover's house was about the pleasantest visiting-place to be found anywhere, principally, perhaps, because it was wholly unlike a visiting-place. If you had come into it without previous knowledge, you might have been puzzled to tell which were hosts and which guests, for there was not the slightest fuss or constraint on either side, and the party appeared like a happy family, where every one did exactly as he pleased. There were people, indeed, who said that the Grovers were a great deal too free-and-easy; whether they were or not, their house—familiarily known by various fond nicknames, such as No-Man's-Land, Liberty Hall, etc.—was the most popular one in the neighborhood.

All this suited Perry well enough, but what did not suit him was that, on the present occasion, one of the guests was a pretty woman, so very pretty, indeed, that he directed a mute look of reproach at Tom, and took an opportunity of asking Mrs. Tom if Mrs. Gregory was not related to her.

"No such luck," answered Georgie, laughing. "But why do you ask?"

"Well, I—I fancied there was some resemblance," said Perry, rather lamely, for the two women, one of whom was tall and blond, and the other little and dark, were about as much alike as a golden pheasant and a blackbird. The notion, and Perry's transparent nonchalance, tickled Tom Grover so immensely that he burst into open laughter.

"Well, Tom, you might tell us the joke, I think," reproved his wife, for this unprovoked, unexplained mirth exceeded the liberty of Liberty Hall.

"You have heard of 'Cœlebs in search of a Wife,' I suppose?" said Tom, still laughing, addressing Mrs. Gregory. "Well, here is Cœlebs in fear of one. There is a perpetual conspiracy on the part of his unnatural parent to introduce some designing young woman into the house, and at such times he takes refuge with me."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Gregory, with an amused glance at Perry; "and to that we owe the honor of Mr. Vance's company at present?"

"Precisely; and now he is looking daggers at me for not having warned him that in coming here he was jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. I shall have to bind you over to keep the peace, Mrs. Gregory."

"Shall I take my oath that Mr. Vance is in no danger from me?" said Mrs. Gregory, gravely.

"No, pray don't," interposed Perry, gallantly, "I shouldn't wish you to perjure yourself."

"New, now, Perry!" said Tom, "that sort of thing's a tempting of Providence."

"Just mingle yourself with your own affairs—as our French neighbors politely put it," retorted Perry, with a laugh. "Is this your boasted hospitality?"

But though—piqued perhaps, by that amused smile—he carried it off bravely in her presence, Perry was by no means easy in his mind. He reproached Tom openly as soon as they were alone.

"Mrs. Gregory is young," he said, in an injured tone.

"All the better for her," replied Tom, easily.

"And pretty—you never told me that. If I had had any idea what your widow was like, I would never have come into the house, I can tell you."

"Well," said Tom, taking it coolly, "you're not obliged to stay, old boy. This is Liberty Hall, you know, and whenever you like you can walk out of it, and back into the arms of your designing young person. Only no need to hurry off Mrs. Gregory's account, for the wind's in quite another quarter. I rather fancy she was invited with an eye to Frank's benefit."

Thus guaranteed, Perry thought he might venture to stay the week out. And when the week was at an end, and a trip to the mountains talked of, he further concluded that it would be safer to join the party than to return to his own home, still, so far as he knew, under the Wilkie domination. So he dutifully wrote to his mother that, as she would not miss him, having her own friends with her, he thought he might as well take the opportunity to accompany the Grovers to the mountains, since they made such a point of it: particularly as he wished to see as much as possible of Frank, whose business would shortly take him back to the West—and no doubt Frank Grover, if he could have known, would have been deeply touched and gratified by this disinterested friendship.

By this time Perry's fear of Mrs. Gregory had worn off. Secure in the belief that his personal freedom was not threatened—for by long-suffering this had become a monomania with him—he was resigned to find the young widow as charming as she was pretty; in fact, if by a wish he could have made her old and ugly, he would not have done it. It is dangerous playing with edged tools, to be sure, yet, when one is tolerably certain of not cutting his fingers, the game is rather an amusing one, all the more if it is played with somebody else's knife. Perry would have been not a little astonished, if any one had suggested to him that he was "attentive" to Mrs. Gregory, but to any unprejudiced observer it certainly had very much that appearance. He would have argued that he was only fulfilling a guest's first duty, in making himself agreeable to a young and pretty woman, who had "no nonsense about her," and who, moreover, was the presumed property of another. That was the saving clause, the India-rubber excuse stretching over every thing, by virtue of which he took the first place in a manner which, if that other had had a well-developed sense of his rights, he must have found somewhat discomposing. Frank Grover, however, spent his days in a kind of *dolce far niente* of fishing and smoking, totally oblivious of any peculiar claim on him, while the place he should have filled was supplied by Perry, with a self-sacrifice beyond all praise. It was Perry who helped

Mrs. Gregory up the hills; Perry who blistered his hands rowing her over the lake, in the glare of the noonday sun, to a water-lily-patch; Perry who sat by her in the moonlight evenings under the Potters' shingled piazza; Perry, in short, who, gradually and insensibly, had become that thing of all others most foreign to his nature, a squire of dames; while the lazy Frank looked on and chuckled at the transformation, but prudently chuckled in private, not to arouse Perry's suspicions. On one occasion, however, the mischief was nearly done.

It was one morning when Mr. Vance had unaccountably disappeared. The others were finishing breakfast, when he entered at last, with a glow on his countenance made up of self-satisfaction and morning air.

"Three times the breakfast-bell did ring:
Miss' Potter thrice was heard to call;
And thrice the barn-door fowl did sing,
Yet Perry slumbered sweet through all!"

recited Tom, as a morning salutation.

"Ah, I am a little late, I see," said Perry, taking his seat beside Mrs. Gregory, who had little Cassie Potter on her lap, and was concocting a compound of short-cake and coffee, with a magnificent disregard of the child's digestion.

"Oh, don't mention it! only an hour or so," replied Tom.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard!" said Frank.

"I have been, but she was not up," retorted Perry, adding, with a rather overdone carelessness, "By-the-way, Frank, did you notice the colors on the lake at sunrise?"

"No, I did not," said Frank, emphatically. "Did you?" with a highly-unflattering accent.

"I did, sir—from the top of Round Hill."

"Where does the sun rise, Perry?" asked Tom. "In the north or south?"

"Just over Larkyns's house," answered Perry, "so you can calculate for yourself."

"Ah, you've heard old Larkyns say so, else I bet a dozen of champagne you couldn't have answered my question. Mr. Vance, you are a humbug, and, for the good of society at large, I think it my duty to relate a little reminiscence of your youth which will show you up in your true light.—Once upon a time, Mrs. Gregory, when I was considerably younger and fairer than I am now, and as free as Cælebs here—lucky fellow!—it happened that he and I were together among the mountains, as it might be here—only it wasn't. But that is not the point. It also happened that one morning I arose at daybreak.—Now I don't pose for a lover of Nature myself, so I hasten to explain that I was up at that early hour simply to catch the early—"

"Worm?" questioned Perry.

"No, sir, something earlier yet, the early stage, for a journey I was going to make; otherwise, I beg you to believe that I should not have placed myself in any such absurd position. However, there I was, and I thought I might as well have a companion in misery; so I waked Vance, and directed his attention to a gaudy kind of sunrise that weak-headed people might think it worth while losing their beauty-sleep for. How was I to know but he was one of them? But what does he do?

No sooner are his eyes open than he glared at me, and wants to know what the d—"

"Tom!" struck in a note of warning from his wife.

"Madam, I blush for your friend Mr. Vance's bad language, but truth obliges me to insist that he demanded what the dickens was going on there. You should have seen his face of astonishment when I told him only what was going on about that hour, more or less, every morning! The amount of it is, the man didn't know a sunrise when he saw it, and to hear him now rhapsodizing about the morning light on the lake is a little too much for human nature."

"I bear you no malice for your slanders, Tom," said Perry, when the laugh against him was over, "for I know you are so constituted that you couldn't tell the truth, even if you were to try. I only appeal to Mrs. Gregory whether she did or did not hear me agree with Symonds, the artist, to see the sunrise from Round Hill?"

"Oh, agree, agree," said Tom; "anybody can make an agreement—the pinch is to keep it!—Well, now, Mrs. Gregory, what do you say, was this unhalloved compact made?"

"Certainly it was made!" answered Mrs. Gregory.

"But not kept! Aha, Perry, here is your own witness turning against you! Her disbelief in you is evident."

"Now, Mr. Grover, do you call that fair argument? The court asks a witness what he knows, not what he thinks, or else I should have expressed my belief that Mr. Vance kept his word. Then you have overlooked several little circumstances in his favor; for instance, that wild-flower in his button-hole, which you see is quite fresh, and the glow of exercise diffused over his countenance—"

"And the flourishing state of his appetite," parenthesized Frank, slyly, as he passed a plate of corn-cake to Perry.

"Well, why not?" continued Mrs. Gregory, as gravely as before. "That, too—that is another link in the chain of circumstantial evidence."

"Which is proverbially apt to mislead," remarked Tom. "However, I yield at discretion. Mr. Vance has turned over a new leaf, and the thanks of his large and—though I say it that perhaps shouldn't—highly-respectable circle of friends are due to Mrs. Gregory."

"To me!" said Mrs. Gregory, opening her large hazel eyes a trifle wider. "I really don't quite see the connection between the sunrise and myself."

"Oh—well—" said Tom, putting on an innocent air; "start an old back ever so little out of the beaten path, and there's no telling where he'll bring up, you know."

"It is the little rift within the lute," quoted Mrs. Tom.

"In other words, the small end of the wedge," amended Tom. And thereupon both rose, laughing, and followed Frank out on the piazza.

Perry, for his part, was rather disconcerted by the turn the conversation had taken. He glanced at Mrs. Gregory. If there had been the least consciousness about

her, it is highly probable that, notwithstanding the vigorous appetite which Frank had remarked, and which is not the least agreeable result of climbing a mountain to see the sunrise, he would have run away in his turn. But the absolute unconcern with which she went on crumbing Cassie's short-cake reassured him, and he concluded he might venture to finish his breakfast. But presently—so contradictory are the best of us—from reassuring, this indifference began to pique him. It was not, on the whole, he thought, a compliment that she should pay so little attention to the raillery which had disconcerted him. Then he wondered if she had not perceived its drift, and, in wondering, forgot what he was about till recalled by his neighbor's exclamation, "Why, Mr. Vance, what are you thinking of?" to find that his coffee-cup was running over, and sending a small brown stream dangerously near to Mrs. Gregory.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed, setting down the coffee-pot hastily, and jumping up, by which movement he trod upon the large yellow house-cat slumbering peacefully under the table. With a shriek of rage and anguish, puss was over the table and out of the window in two bounds, overturning, in her gymnastics, a dish of milk-toast into the very centre of the frills and tuckers of Mrs. Gregory's crisp morning muslin. That lady leaned back and laughed till the tears stood in her eyes, while Perry, on his knees, napkin in hand, did his best to repair the mischief he had caused.

"Behold the awkwardness of a bachelor!" he said, pausing in his task to glance ruefully upward.

"What! are you turning traitor to the brotherhood?" said Mrs. Gregory, recovering breath.

"I am not sure but it would be the best thing I could do," said Perry, as if struck by a sudden thought; "turn my back on them altogether, and—"

"And return to that designing young woman," completed Mrs. Gregory, demurely.

"Oh, no; if she had been my destiny I should not have come here; there is a fate in these things, you know."

There was certainly a pretty strong hint conveyed in this speech, if Mrs. Gregory had chosen to take it. Whether she would have done so must remain unknown, inasmuch as, at this moment, Tom Grover appeared at the open window.

"Excuse me if I interrupt the court," he said, with a malicious glance at Perry's position. "I judged, from Cassie's jumble of cats and coffee, that Bedlam was broken loose in here; but, as I see there is method in the madness, I will discreetly take myself off again."

"It is rather I who should take myself off," said Mrs. Gregory, surveying her buttered robe with a smile. "I certainly look fit for Bedlam at present."

"Thanks to me," said Perry. "You'll never forgive my awkwardness, I'm afraid."

"Oh, I hope I have a soul above buttons," answered Mrs. Gregory, laughing. Perry looked after her, as she left the room, with an expression of countenance which induced

a sudden severe fit of coughing on Tom Grover's part.

It appeared, in fact, that Mrs. Gregory bore Perry no malice for her spoiled muslin, for after this little episode they were rather better friends than before. Something to this effect Tom Grover remarked to his brother, as they stood one evening watching the two approaching figures. "If you don't take care," he added, "Perry'll carry off the pretty widow under your nose, for all Georgie's plans."

"Sooner him than me," said Frank, with as little gallantry as grammar. "Georgie's plans never were mine, as you know, Tom. Besides, I've no notion of spoiling sport, particularly when it's such an old fox as Perry."

"And particularly—" And here Tom, dropping his voice mysteriously, said a few words in his brother's ear.

"No!" said Frank, incredulously.

"Yes!" said Tom. "Got it from Georgie yesterday."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Frank, and burst into inextinguishable laughter, in the midst of which the two came up. Frank could not at once recover himself.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Vance—Mrs. Gregory, I really beg ten thousand pardons," stammered Frank, going red over his unlucky blunder; then, fearing probably another paroxysm, he beat a hasty retreat, muttering confusedly something about "a joke." Tom, as a married man, perhaps more hardened, stood his ground, but he was saved the awkwardness of an explanation by a new-comer, who just then rushed up to the pair with outstretched hands.

"Ah, Mrs. Gregory, delighted to see you!—How do you do, Vance? I understood from your respective mothers that you were ruralizing up here together. Atrociously hot, isn't it? Came the last twenty miles in an open wagon; only fancy—"

What more was said reached Perry's ear but not his understanding. That was occupied by the remark about their respective mothers. A foreboding, vague at first but rapidly taking shape, grew upon him. He was so impatient to get at the truth, that he could hardly wait till their loquacious friend, spying a new victim, had left them alone, to begin.

"One might fancy, from Mr. Dutton's remark about our respective mothers, that they were together."

"One might, certainly," said Mrs. Gregory. There was a provoking smile on her face. Did she suspect his object? He must go to work in a more roundabout fashion, he thought, so he changed the subject, and talked of something else for a while. Then he said, carelessly:

"By-the-way, do you expect your mother to join you here?"

"Hardly," she answered, "as I shall probably have left here myself before she has finished her visit in Blankville."

"Oh!" said Perry, "she is in Blankville?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Gregory, smiling.

"It is odd you did not know it, as it is your mother she is visiting there."

This at least was open and to the point. It was just as he had thought: some other

old friend had accompanied the Wilkies, and his mother, no doubt, was secretly exulting that, in escaping from the Wilkie snare, he had run straight into the nets of—yes, by-the-way, of whom? Who was this second old friend to whom he was to owe his downfall? another point to be craftily ascertained.

"I am delighted to find that your mother is a friend of mine," he replied to Mrs. Gregory; "but, naturally, I am not acquainted with all my mother's friends, and, as I have not the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Gregory—ah, I forget, your mother would not be Mrs. Gregory, though—"

"No, she is Mrs. Wilkie," answered his companion, looking him full in the face.

"Wilkie!" gasped Perry, aghast; "but—then—you are—"

"Precisely," said Mrs. Gregory, composedly, "I am the designing young woman who drove you from your house, without ever having set her foot in it. Your mother was kind enough to invite mamma and myself to visit her, but I was obliged to decline, as I had already promised to go to Georgie Grover. I did not tell you before," added Mrs. Gregory, smiling, "as it seemed a needless cruelty to drive you from your friends, too, and I trust by this time you have found out that I am not such a terribly artful person after all."

Here was a pleasant position. What was Perry to say? His reply, whatever it was, was made in so low a tone as to be lost to his historian, and, consequently to the world at large.

But some idea of it may perhaps be gained from a fragment of his conversation with Tom Grover over their final cigar that night.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom, "and you really mean to say you went blundering along in your blissful innocence right up to the climax?"

"Straight up to the fatal name of Wilkie," answered Perry. "I might have guessed at it before, but there it was, you see, I had got the idea of a Miss Wilkie so firmly fixed in my mind—ah, Tom, I felt from the first that my mother took it too easily. And no wonder! There she is, just beginning to tell me her trap won't work, when I interrupt her to say I am running my head right into it somewhere else. By Jove! when I think if I had only let her finish!"

"Why, then you wouldn't be in for it—as you are now," completed Tom, as Perry paused, apparently overwhelmed. Confound it, man! you're not beginning to flinch already?"

"Flinch! No occasion to talk in that unpleasant way, Tom, as if I were going to be hanged—"

"It is true, there is a slight difference—in favor of hanging," said Tom, pensively.

"No, I haven't the slightest disposition to 'flinch,' as you call it; still, marriage is a serious thing."

"Uncommonly serious, I can tell you," groaned Tom, with a cruel pleasure, apparently, in giving Perry as gloomy a view as possible of the step he had pledged himself to take.

"And I can hardly be expected to make so light of it as you, to whom the whole affair is merely a comical surprise."

"Not much of a surprise either," said Tom, in an off-hand manner; "I've known it these two days."

"Known it these two days!" repeated Perry, resentfully, in spite of the contentment he had just been professing. "And never said a word! A pretty friend you are!"

"Ah," said Tom, "but you know there's a certain satisfaction in seeing neighbor Kelly as bad off as ourselves. Besides, what difference would it have made in the end?"

"None, it is true," confessed Perry, adding, for the third time, the remark: "There is a fate in these things, I suppose—and certainly I've no cause to complain of mine. But I say, Tom," he concluded, after a moment, "my mother will have the laugh all on her side, won't she?"

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

THE NEW HARVARD.

A HARVARD graduate, looking upon the college-yard to-day for the first time in a half-dozen years, would be almost bewildered by the extensive changes that have been wrought in so short a time. Nor would the surprise be lessened by reflecting upon that hard-shell conservatism—that reverence for the old and aversion to the new—which seems to have been hereditary in the rulers of this institution, leading them to regard all change as destructive, and even, to borrow a little wit, to look upon the advent of the new moon with peculiar distrust, out of profound regard for that venerable institution, the old. Undergraduates of ten years ago, or perhaps less, still remember with what solemnity "warnings" were administered in their college-days to those reckless students who presented themselves at Sunday services in the chapel without a black coat, in violation of the law passed in the days preceding the Revolution, and since religiously observed, against coats of frivolous colors; and with what mingled surprise and hope groups of students, on their return, viewed a new path that had been cut across the college-yard, or an old one that had been raised during vacation.

Great changes, therefore, were scarcely hoped for. But compare the condition of the college-yard to-day with its appearance ten years ago! The irregular inclosure then formed by the old buildings has been transformed into a comely quadrangle, surrounded by the old and four magnificent new buildings, and still shaded by the grand old elms that have always constituted the chief beauty of the grounds. Grays Hall, the oldest of the new dormitories, forms the southern boundary. Standing at either end of Grays Hall, at right angles to it, and facing each other, one between University Hall and Boylston Hall, and the other between Massachusetts Hall and the Law-School, are two of the most attractive of the college group of buildings, begun in 1871 through the munificence of Mr. Nathan Matthews, who gave one hundred thousand dollars for this purpose, and Mr. William F. Weld, who took this means of rearing a memorial design in remembrance

of his brother, the late Stephen Minot Weld. Matthews Hall, the finest college dormitory in America, built from designs by Peabody and Stearns, is five stories high, with rooms in suites of parlor and two bedchambers; it has accommodations for one hundred, and Weld Hall for eighty-six students. Parallel with Holworthy, and between it and Appleton Chapel, is Thayer Hall, erected in 1869-'70 by that most liberal benefactor of the university, Mr. Nathaniel Thayer, at a cost exceeding one hundred thousand dollars. It contains rooms for one hundred and twelve students and three officers. Besides the addition of these new edifices, radical changes, externally and internally, have been made in several of the old ones. The addition to Boylston Hall of a French roof, and the consequent increased room and facilities of the interior, make this one of the largest and most complete establishments in the world for teaching chemistry. The uppermost story of Holworthy Hall, and the attic recitation-rooms of University Hall, have been heightened. The interior of Harvard Hall, which until recently was approached with trembling on the part of well-regulated students, unprepared for the dreaded examinations there held, has been transformed into recitation and lecture rooms; while the entire remodeling of the interior of Massachusetts Hall, the oldest of the college buildings, affords a spacious examination-room on the second floor, and commodious recitation and lecture rooms on the first. The singularly bare and gloomy appearance of the interior of Appleton Chapel, so uninviting to drowsy students at morning prayers, has been wholly changed, at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars, by the addition of galleries, the rearrangement of chancel and pulpit, the substitution of handsome stained-glass windows for the former plain ones, and the beautiful decoration, in colors, of the walls and roof. As the capacity of the building, increased from six hundred and fifty to nine hundred seats, was made equal to that of the First Parish Church, the exercises of class-day and commencement were held last June, for the first time, in the chapel, instead of in the church. "Then," in the language of President Eliot, "disappeared the last trace of the official connection between the college and the First Parish—a connection which had been maintained, in various forms, for more than two hundred years."

Outside of the college-yard, but overlooking it from the corner of Harvard and Holyoke Streets, Holyoke House, nearly one hundred feet square, has been erected by the corporation; the first story occupied by stores on the front and a public restaurant in the rear, and the four upper stories divided into suites of rooms for students, each suite, with a few exceptions, consisting of a study, two bedrooms, with closets, and a bath-room. Furthermore, the appearance and capacity of College House have been greatly improved by the addition of a French-roof story.

But, of all the additions, the most magnificent is Memorial Hall, which stands upon the delta just outside of the college-yard, and has been erected by the alumni in commemoration of the Harvard boys that lost their lives in the civil war. It is constructed from

designs by Ware and Van Brunt, of Boston, of red and black brick, with copings and window tracery of Nova-Scotia stone, and is three hundred and ten feet in length, by one hundred and fifteen in width. The interior comprises three grand apartments—the Dining Hall, one hundred and sixty-four by sixty feet, and eighty feet high, capable of seating one thousand persons; the Memorial Vestibule, one hundred and twelve by thirty feet, and sixty feet high; and the Academic Theatre. The Dining Hall, said to be the grandest college-hall in the world, will be used for college-festivals, and probably by the Thayer Club, an organization comprising a majority of the undergraduates, whose object is to afford its members good board at cost. The great west window, thirty feet high and twenty-three feet wide, will be filled with stained glass, as will also, in course of time, the thirty-six side-windows. Between the Dining Hall and the proposed site of the Academic Theatre is the Memorial Vestibule, surmounted by a tower rising to a height of two hundred feet. The interior walls are entirely surrounded by an arcade of black walnut, with marble tablets bearing inscriptions of the names of the one hundred and twenty students commemorated, with the date and place of their death. The walls above are simply decorated in color with Latin inscriptions, mostly taken from the poets. At either end are large windows filled with stained glass.

The estimated cost of the entire structure is five hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. The greater portion of the building-money was raised by subscription in 1865, chiefly by the exertions of Colonel Theodore Lyman and the late Stephen M. Weld, of Boston. The foundations were laid in the summer of 1870, the walls and most of the Dining Hall erected in 1871, and those of the Memorial Vestibule and tower in 1872. The last year has been occupied in work on the interior. Both of these parts of the building are now approaching completion, and will be ready for occupancy at this year's Commencement. The third portion of the structure, the Academic Theatre, is not yet begun. The accompanying illustration, prepared from the architect's design, represents this magnificent structure as it will appear when completed, but without those grand elms by which it is shaded and adorned.

Undoubtedly, the march of improvement is not ended; for, notwithstanding that four new dormitories, with a capacity for four hundred students, have been constructed since 1870, the rapid yearly increase in the number of young men flocking to the university renders additional accommodations necessary.

These outward improvements mark but one phase of the progress that has been recently made by the university. The more extensive and radical reforms introduced in the plan of instruction must have an influence for good upon the system of advanced education in America that cannot be over-estimated. Formerly, and until very recently, the course of instruction in the academic department was unyielding as cast-iron; while the plan of the professional schools admitted all the evils of the opposite extreme—loose-

ness. A hundred young men came each autumn to Harvard College, bringing every variety of taste, every degree of mental capacity, and all manner of preparation, having their likes and dislikes for certain studies, and intending to devote their lives to widely-different pursuits; yet all were required to go through the same inflexible curriculum, with scarcely any choice as to studies. The system was based upon the notion that what was good for one was equally good for one hundred; that, if a boy had a natural aversion to mathematics, and a natural incapacity to profit by

mathematical instruction, it was important, nevertheless, that he should devote two or three precious years to that subject for the sake of "mental discipline." Harvard's best mathematician cannot compute to-day the valuable time, the youthful ardor and strength, that have been wasted by forcing students to spend countless hours upon studies in which they felt no interest, and denying them opportunity for concentrating their energies upon those for which they had inclination and special qualifications. — The chief feature of the new system is its elasticity. Its framers have recognized the widely-differing inclinations, capacities, and aims of the great body of young men who yearly seek instruction at the university, and have aimed to give each student, as far as practicable, the best opportunity to train and develop those faculties with which he is specially gifted. This is effected by largely substituting elective for prescribed studies, thus giving the student the widest range in selecting the branches upon which he wishes to concentrate his energies.

In the first place, the requirements for admission have undergone an entire change. The determination of the Faculty has been to set such a standard as will secure, in schools preparing boys for college, the best possible preparatory training for young men, up to an average age of eighteen years, who intend to pursue non-professional studies for four years or more. In the opinion of President Eliot, the standard of admission is a year higher at Harvard than at any other American college. About fifteen per cent. of the applicants at every examination are rejected. It is now, however, probably at its highest; as the Faculty, regarding eighteen as the best average age for admission,

are of opinion that a higher standard would necessarily raise that average.

In 1874, and thereafter, candidates for admission will be required to pass an examination in one of two courses of study, the

quired to write a short English composition, correct in spelling, punctuation, grammar, and expression," on a subject taken from a standard author previously announced.

In addition to the above, optional examinations are held in the classics, mathematics, and physics, for the accommodation of those who desire to be admitted to advanced standing in these studies, or to omit them entirely in college for the purpose of taking other branches.

Besides the requirements above given, in 1875 and thereafter, applicants for admission will be further examined in translat-

selection being optional with the applicant. Each course embraces certain subjects, which are substantially the same in both, viz.: Latin, Greek, mathematics, ancient history, modern and physical geography, and English composition. The difference is, that in one course classical studies predominate, and in the other mathematical and physical. In the classical course a greater variety of Latin and Greek authors has been introduced, and students are required to translate at sight Latin not included in the requisitions.

ing French prose at sight, with the option of substituting German for French; and in 1876 requirements in elementary science will be added, the applicant having a choice among the subjects of botany, physics, and chemistry, and descriptive astronomy.

In view of these additions, and to enable the boys to unload part of their heavy burdens, the examination may be divided into two, separated by an interval of not more than an academic year.

The recent extension of the elective system, and the corresponding reduction in the number of required studies in the academic department, enable the student to plan almost any course of study to which his inclinations or capabilities attract him. There are no elective studies in the Freshman year, but two-thirds of the Sophomore and Junior year studies, and all of those in the Senior year, except forensics, are elective. The studies of the Freshman year are now, Greek, Latin, mathematics, German, ethics, and chemistry, all of which are required. In the next two years of the course the required studies are simply of an elementary character, embracing in the Sophomore year, physics, rhetoric, themes, history, and elementary French for those who have not passed a satisfactory examination in that language at the beginning of the year; and in the Junior year, logic, psychology, and a portion of the course in rhetoric, as well as of that in themes and forensics.

It is not, however, to be understood by *electives*, that a student may elect whether or not he will pursue any of these studies. The elective system, as the Head of the university says, does not give students liberty to do nothing. On the contrary, in addition to the prescribed studies, every Sophomore



Matthews Hall and other College Buildings.



Appleton Chapel.

The requirement in English composition, now for the first time made, is intended to secure, on the part of young men preparing for college, a better knowledge of their own language. Each candidate, therefore, is "re-

must take four courses, chosen by himself, from the electives, with at least two exercises a week each; every Junior three courses, with three exercises a week each; and every Senior four courses, with three exercises a week each. But the student's choice may range over not less than nine general departments of study, each embracing numerous courses of instruction. Thus there are eight different courses in Greek, six in Latin, five in philosophy, six in history, ten in mathematics, and eight in natural history. Nor are the Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores limited in their selections to this array of subjects, but may take any of the prescribed studies in the course, on condition of being qualified to pursue them. Moreover, Sophomores and Juniors may be relieved from pursuing any of the required studies of those years by passing an examination in such studies at the beginning of the year. It will thus be seen that students have the privilege of pursuing the ordinary collegiate course, or of concentrating their study upon a limited number of subjects. Doubtless the elective system will be extended year by year, and the number of lectures greatly increased, until obligatory studies will no longer appear in the course, and Harvard will be ranked with the great universities of Europe.

Undergraduates are encouraged to attain distinction in specified departments of study by a system of special honors classified as "Honors" and "Second-year Honors," which were unknown at Harvard a few years ago. Honors are awarded at the end of the college course to such students as prove, by examination, exceptional proficiency in any one of the following courses: classics, modern languages, philosophy, history, mathematics, physics, including chemistry, and natural history. Second-year honors are awarded to Sophomores and Juniors who pass special examinations in either the classics or mathematics. Candidates for honors in the classics or in mathematics must have previously taken second-year honors in the same department.

Perhaps none of the new reforms will have a more healthful influence upon the advanced scholarship of the country than those constituting the new system of conferring degrees. The carelessness with which Legislatures have vested insignificant schools with the power to confer degrees, and the looseness with which they have been conferred by many colleges in the United States, render the meaning of a diploma always doubtful, and often

of little consequence. Believing that college degrees had fallen into just disrepute in this country, the powers at Harvard determined to give all the degrees of the university "a serious meaning and a real value." A classi-

graduation. If he is a graduate of the law or divinity school, as well as of the college, the year's course may be in law or theology.

Besides these changes in the system of conferring existing degrees, two new degrees have been added, for the purpose of encouraging young men to continue at the university one or more years after graduation, and devote themselves to liberal study. These are the degrees of Doctor of Science and Doctor of Philosophy (Ph. D.), which are conferred only upon written examinations, and in conformity with specified regulations as to residence, graduation, etc. The degree of Doctor of Philosophy is conferred upon those who, after taking the degree of A. B., pursue at the university for two years an approved course of liberal study in any one of the following departments: philology, philosophy, history, political science, math-

ematics, physics, and natural history. Passing a thorough examination in the course pursued, and presenting a satisfactory thesis, are also conditions precedent to obtaining the prize. When all the above requirements have been observed, the Master's degree may be had for thirty dollars, and the Doctor's for sixty dollars.

All the elective studies of the academic department are open to students pursuing their post-graduate courses. For the encouragement of a more thorough scholarship than is generally acquired by undergraduates, six fellowships, or graduates' scholarships, have been established, each of which has an income large enough to support a student, and may be held one or more years. Four of these are so far free from restrictions that students, while holding them, may pursue their studies either in this country or in Europe.

In admissions to Harvard College, no distinction is made as to color or age, but women are excluded. The university has, however, kindly consented to smile on those not less than seventeen years old. Acceding to the request of the Woman's Education Association of Boston, the corporation have decided to hold examinations for young women on the general plan of the local examinations which have for several years been successfully conducted by the Universities of Oxford, Cam-

bridge, London, and Edinburgh. The examinations will be held for the first time during this month, and will be of two grades: first, a general or preliminary in English, French, physical geography, botany or physics, mathe-



Gore Hall (Library).

fication was therefore introduced into the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, and now the ordinary degree and the degree with distinction are conferred. A higher standard of scholarship than was formerly required is necessary to obtain the former, while the latter is only conferred upon those who have attained eighty hundredths of the maximum mark for the whole college course, or eighty-seven hundredths of that for the Junior and Senior years combined. The distinction is indicated in the diploma by the words "*cum laude*." The "Honors" or the "Second-year Honors" that have been won are also recorded in the diploma. The Master's degree is no longer conferred upon Bachelors who have waited three years, "sustained a high moral character,"



Memorial Hall.

and are willing to pay the required fee of five dollars. It can be obtained only by passing a written examination in an approved course of study which the candidate has pursued at the university for at least one year after

matics, history, and any one of the three languages, German, Latin, and Greek, for young women not less than seventeen years old; second, an advanced examination for young women not less than eighteen who have passed the preliminary examination. The advanced examination comprises the five departments of languages, natural science, mathematics, history, and philosophy, in one or more of which the candidate may present herself. The function of the university is limited to preparing the examination-papers, examining the work of the candidates, recording its results, and giving certificates to those who pass in return for a fee of fifteen dollars for the preliminary and ten dollars for the advanced examination. The examinations may be held in any city or town where a reasonable number will offer themselves, and where an association of women is organized to do the local work. "If it be asked," says President Eliot, "what good can examinations by the university do when the university does not teach girls, the answer is, that they can do precisely the same service for girls' schools which college-admission examinations do for preparatory schools for boys—they can set a standard and prescribe a judicious programme of study for several years of life between twelve and eighteen."

The same good work of liberal reform and progress has been going on in all the professional departments of the university. The academical year has been made the same for all. Requirements for admission and graduation with a meaning have superseded the chronic looseness that too often had made these ceremonies farcical; while the entire course of study in most of the schools has been readjusted on a more systematic, liberal, and thorough basis. The law-school no longer lavishly confers its honors upon young men whose names have been upon its books three terms—a year and a half—and who have settled with the treasurer, without recitation, without examination, and even without cognizance of attendance or absence at daily lectures. This course now covers two years. Recitations have been added to the system of instruction, and the degree of LL. B. can only be obtained upon examination. The system of scholarships, so useful to the academical department, has also been established in the law-school, which now has eight scholarships of the annual value of one hundred dollars each. These are assigned, at the beginning of the academic year, to students who have been in the school the whole of the preceding year, and intend to remain throughout the ensuing year.

But the greatest revolution has been in the medical school, which now has the honor of standing alone among similar institutions in this country, in its efforts to introduce radical reforms into the system of medical education in the United States. The general system which formerly prevailed in this school, and which still obtains in others, comprises long courses of lectures on the chief medical subjects, given every year during from four to five months of the autumn and winter, supplemented sometimes with short courses in summer. A candidate for the Doctor's degree is required to prove at-

tendence somewhere upon two such courses, including one at the institution conferring the degree; and to produce a certificate of having studied medicine for at least three years with a regular practitioner. A compliance with these regulations has never subjected a ready-witted young man, anxious to become a new doctor, to any considerable inconvenience; neither has the formal examination which usually precedes the conferring of the degree, and which is too often private, oral, or exceedingly lax.

Under the new system at Harvard, instruction is given by lectures, recitations, clinical teaching, and practical exercises, distributed throughout the academic year, and which the student is expected to attend, just as he does in the collegiate department. The academic year extends from the last of September to the last of June, and is divided into two equal terms, separated by a recess of one week, with a week's vacation at Christmas. The course of instruction occupies three years, beginning with the fundamental subjects of anatomy, physiology, and chemistry in the first year, and progressing systematically through all the recognized branches of a good medical education. In the important subjects of anatomy, physiology, chemistry, and pathological anatomy, obligatory laboratory work is substituted for or added to the usual didactic lectures. Instead of the customary oral examination for the degree of M. D., held at the end of the course, a series of written examinations on all the leading subjects of medical instruction is distributed for regular students through the entire course.

This was a bold reform for an institution dependent upon the revenues from its students to make, especially since an increase in the tuition fee, which is now two hundred dollars a year, was a part of the change. But, although the adoption of the new system in 1871-'72 was attended with a marked diminution in the number of students, and consequently the income from this source, the decided increase in both of these respects which has followed, removes the question of the pecuniary success of the change from the realms of doubt; while the new system has brought to the school students of a much higher average scholarship than was shown by the records of the old.

The above are only the chief features of the great revolution, not yet ended, that has swept within a very few years over the ancient, conservative, puritanic institution, transforming it into the most advanced and liberal university west of Europe, and making it younger in vigor than it was a century ago.

Other signs of progress—changes which were beyond prophecy ten years ago—are the abolition of the "Junior exhibitions," "hazing," one of the two obligatory Sunday services, and the "Thanksgiving" and "May" recesses.

Compulsory morning prayers are also threatened. Listen to the latest words of the young President, after the Faculty, in consequence of alterations in the chapel, had "tried, quite involuntarily, an interesting experiment in college discipline." "It was, therefore, interesting," he says, "to observe that the omission of morning prayers for

nearly five months, at the time of year when the days are shortest and coldest, had no ill effects whatever on college order or discipline; there was no increased irregularity of attendance at morning exercises, no unusual number of absences, and, in fact, no visible effect upon the other exercises of the college, or upon the order and quiet of the place. The professors and other teachers living beyond the sound of the prayer-bell, would not have known, from any effect produced upon their work with the students, that morning prayers had been intermitted."

Now what has been the growth of the university during this transition period? The Dental School, the Bussey Institution of Agriculture and Horticulture, in Jamaica Plain, and the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology, have been added to make the university still more complete. Since 1865-'66 the total number of instructors in all departments has increased from forty-five, of whom thirty-three were professors, to one hundred and ten, including fifty professors and twenty-five assistant professors; the number of students, from nine hundred and thirty-six to eleven hundred and seventy-four; the number of volumes in the library, from one hundred and sixty-five thousand to two hundred thousand.

The most remarkable phase of this development has been in the college proper. Here the number of teachers has increased from twenty-two, of whom thirteen were professors, to fifty, comprising eighteen professors, fifteen assistant professors, five tutors, four instructors, and eight assistants, not counting proctors, librarians, etc.; the number of undergraduates, from four hundred and thirteen to seven hundred and six, including two hundred and seventeen Freshmen, one hundred and seventy Sophomores, one hundred and fifty-five Juniors, and one hundred and sixty-four Seniors. The number of scholarships has been more than doubled, there being now ninety-two, varying in their annual income from forty dollars to three hundred and fifty dollars. More than twenty thousand dollars from this source are gratuitously distributed each year among the undergraduates. Finally, during this period upward of twenty-six thousand volumes have been added to the college library, which now contains one hundred and thirty-six thousand volumes.

If, therefore, prosperity may be taken as a criterion, the bold reformers have been wiser than those conservatives who predicted all manner of evil to their *Alma Mater* if the time-honored customs of the past were given up. How far these achievements are the result of the separation of the university from the Commonwealth, since which time the former has been entirely controlled by its sons, or how far they may be due to the energetic, progressive mind of the present Head of the university, cannot, perhaps, be determined. But that he has been an earnest leader in the advance movement is well known; and when the university in its latest choice no longer demanded age and renown in its chief officer, a departure was made from past usages and traditions, that gave it its youngest and greatest president.

E. S. DRONE

THE LAWS OF SUICIDE.

IN modern times the law gives our courts the power to determine whether prisoners have the right to live; but, in ancient Marseilles, there once existed a tribunal whose duty it was to decide upon its suitors' right to die. In its custody was kept the cup of poison to be given to those judged worthy of it, and to its bar came all to whom life had become intolerable, whether from the loss of friends, the falsehood of lovers, the tortures of disease, the weakness of old age, or the fanciful disappointments of youth. It is easy to imagine the sad and fervent eloquence with which these petitioners would recount the stories of their miseries, and the fierce eagerness with which they would insist that they should not be condemned to endure them any longer. But to how many of these claimants must this senate of death have listened with a quiet scorn of the sorrow that seemed so bitter to the sufferer; to how many must they have offered the cure of time; to how few have yielded the fatal cup!

Such a court must have had its laws, its precedents, its advocates, to dissuade or combat the suitor, its romances, its regrets. How often it must have seen the one whom all called happy throw away disguise and tell the story of a hidden sin or misery; how often must it have hearkened to those whose wretchedness was more apparent than the reason for it, and how often heard the innocent tell of some wrong that had made life unendurable! It must have happened that it has had to yield the poison to those whom it would have gladly refused, or denied it when it seemed almost merciful to grant it. Sometimes a story may have touched the judges themselves more closely than it ought, and some cruel fate may have forced the very custodian of the cup to give it to a friend, an enemy, a lover. It is easy to imagine, also, that sometimes the near approach of death may have frightened those who have had the poison placed in their hands, and that they have looked back to life with an eagerness that has made all its troubles seem light.

It is easy for us to picture what must have happened under these conditions, to understand the hatred of life with which the suitors had struggled, but we may fail to understand how natural it seemed to them to die when they felt their fortitude fail them. In modern times suicide is considered as a weakness and a crime. Law and custom condemn it, religion declares it impious, and society has stamped it as cruel and cowardly. In ancient days it was very differently regarded. It was recognized by law and religion as justifiable under certain circumstances; and the suicide, instead of disgracing his family, honored it by leaving his name for History to record among her heroes. It was a fruitful subject of discussion among philosophers, and Pliny says that it is one of the proofs of the goodness of Providence that, while life has but one entrance, it has many exits. "I will not," says another philosopher, "relinquish old age if it leaves my better part intact. But if it shakes my mind, if it tears out my faculties one by one, if it leaves me not life

but breath, I will depart from the putrid, tottering edifice. I will not escape by death from disease as long as it may be healed, and leave my mind unimpaired. I will not raise my hand against myself on account of pain, for so to die is to be conquered. But, if I know that I will suffer always, I will depart, not through fear of the pain itself, but because it prevents all for which I would live."

Such courage as this was not confined to the philosophers, but young and effeminate Romans have called their friends and physicians into council, have asked of them whether it was best to live and bear pain, or to die and end it, and, when it has been decided that death was to be preferred, have died calmly and unostentatiously.

But it has not always happened that men have courted death because they have feared life, for sometimes they have grown so eager for the happiness of immortality that they have not been content to wait, but have surrendered all the pleasures they already possessed in their haste to secure those they believed to be better. To such extremes has this mad desire for the next life gone, that rulers have been forced to make laws against the philosophy that taught the immortality of the soul, and poets have combated with satire the influence of Plato. But this willingness to voluntarily surrender the present, to secure the future life, was not confined to the Romans, but even now exists among the pleasure-loving South-Sea Islanders. The Fejeean believes that death perpetuates the conditions under which men die; and so, when old age or incurable disease threatens him with the loss of vigor and comfort, he hastens to carry his remnant of health and youth into the next life. It is not cruelty, as we have been taught to believe, that makes these savages bury their friends alive, nor indifference that nerves the victims to go gayly to their graves. It is rather a higher degree of faith than more civilized nations possess; for, while we are, perhaps, capable of dying for principle, or for the sake of others, few of us make our future real enough to be willing to be strangled so as to secure a more healthful and agreeable eternity.

It would seem easy to define modern feeling on this subject, but it is an open question whether we do not hold more lax ideas than we perhaps know. We do not go so far as Seneca, who says that "man should seek the approbation of others in this life; his death concerns himself alone," but we are apt to have a firm conviction that, if we have a right to any thing, it is to our lives. We may allow law, religion, or friendship, to decide for us in matters of conduct, or business, but who shall determine whether life is bearable or not? We acknowledge restraints and obligations that may make us resolute to live, but we are apt to believe our obedience is voluntary, and to make nice distinctions between the duties we owe society and our personal rights. The Japanese, however, make a society question of suicide, and many lament the abolition of the *hari-kari* as a decided loss of a most important safeguard to national and personal honor.

But it is not to our purpose to consider the ethics of suicide, but rather to regard it

as being subject to laws, and open to scientific investigation. We generally fancy it is a matter of individual choice, and dependent upon variable chances or circumstances. Instead of this being the fact, it has its rules, its seasons, its fatalities, and acts within limits that are not difficult to define. It appears as an epidemic, it is hereditary, it is controlled by age, sex, climate, and time of the year, and is so regular in its working that it could not be much more difficult for the statistician to predicate the method chosen by a given person than it is for the Signal Department to prophesy the weather probabilities. It is very well for the man of thirty to fancy he will hang rather than shoot himself, or the one who has passed fifty to deliberate between poison and a pistol. They may imagine their decision is in their own power, but, in fact, the chances are nine to one that the young man will shoot himself, while the older one, abandoning both pistol and poison, will hang himself. A woman who becomes melancholy in January may fancy that to such grief as hers all means and seasons are alike if she can but gain the repose of death; but take away the laudanum-bottle, and offer her a revolver, and, although she is not afraid of death, she will probably be of the weapon, or force her to live until April, and then she will be in quite a different state of mind. These conditions may change when suicide becomes an epidemic, as then the methods are apt to be the same without regard to sex or age.

Buckle asserts that the general law is that a certain number must commit suicide each year; the special law being merely a choice of persons. It might be argued that this ought not only to absolve the victim from responsibility, but also give to him the credit that belongs to every volunteer who goes to fill a demanded quota.

Another law asserted by the same author, and noticed by other writers, prevents murders and suicides from prevailing in the same district of country, as if it were simply necessary that there should be a certain proportion of violent deaths, and so, when people are content to kill themselves, no one need fear being killed.

The laws governing the choice of means are necessarily affected by outside circumstances, but are readily classified. The American would not be likely to think of suffocation with charcoal, but its constant use for domestic purposes suggests it at once to the Frenchwoman. If a man intends to drown himself, all he needs is a bucket of water and resolution enough to keep his head under, but where running streams, bridges, or rocks, are not convenient, few die by drowning. A man may cut his throat with a razor, but the woman, hating blood, and unfamiliar with the instrument, will certainly not follow his example. If a woman prefers to poison herself, it does not follow that she will select the most painless or effectual drug. She runs the risk of an overdose of laudanum, or dares the terrible agony of strychnine, rather than go to the trouble of procuring a less familiar poison that will not only act promptly, and secure her a natural and easy death, but will also keep her secret by defying analysis.

Age governs men in the selection of means. Between ten and twenty the youth hangs himself; from then until fifty he prefers the pistol, but after fifty he returns to the rope. The tendency to suicide is greatest between fifty and sixty, next between twenty and thirty, and most rare after sixty, although men of ninety-four have, like Zeno, become so unwilling to await a natural death, that they have anticipated it.

Weariness of life is not, however, confined to the old, as suicide among children is not uncommon. Boys have killed themselves because they have been disappointed in prizes, school-girls from mortification at being reprimanded by their teachers; and but a few months ago a child in New England hanged herself because she was unhappy in her home. In Berlin, between 1812 and 1821, thirty-one children killed themselves because they were tired of living.

The seasons have their effect upon suicide, and it has happened that, in different parts of the country, a number will take place upon the same day, the *New-York Tribune* twice recently publishing five deaths from this cause in the city and vicinity on the same day, and two or three have not been uncommon. It is probable that this is to be partially accounted for by atmospheric influences, although they are not yet clearly understood. Dr. Forbes Winslow, to whom I am largely indebted for information, asserts that it is most common when the thermometer stands between 80° and 90°, thus making heat a cause, while M. Villeneuve states that it is most prevalent during humid and cloudy weather. There is very little official information to be had upon the subject in this country, but the very remarkable prevalence of the crime during the past spring of 1874, when a warm winter was followed by a wet and cloudy spring, favors M. Villeneuve's theory of the effect of such weather in depressing the spirits.

In Paris suicide is most common in the spring, most rare in the fall. In England June, July, and March, are the favorite months; while, contrary to tradition, the gloomy days of November rarely incite the Englishman to self-destruction. Geneva records the greatest number of cases during April, but in most of the European cities June and July are the chosen months, October and November the most unpopular. But there must be a distinction made here between men and women who do not choose the same seasons. General statistics are made up from the deaths of men, as they are largely in the majority; but, while they prefer June, July, and March, women choose January, September, and November.

Upon the Philadelphia coroners' record for 1871 there are thirty-eight male to five female suicides; while in London, from 1770 to 1880, the proportion was 4,337 men to 2,853 women. It is easy to account for this difference by considering the superior fortitude of women, as well as their being less subject to business revulsions; but it is worth noticing in this connection that, while the men who commit suicide are almost always unmarried, the women are married or widowed. This fact leads to the inference

that, while men cannot live without women, women find life unbearable with men. The widows, it may be presumed, are tortured by remorse.

The reasons for suicide are very numerous, and, as M. Guerry says, we know more of the motives for it than for any other crime, as few of the perpetrators fail to leave written confessions behind them. It is also characteristic that few persons are thoughtless enough not to take the precautions necessary to prevent any one from being suspected of having murdered them. The failure of the Duke de Bourbon to do this was cited during the trial of his attendants as a presumption in favor of his guilt.

The most common cause of suicide among men is poverty; among women, domestic trouble. Women, it seems, find their affections more troublesome than men do, as one record credits one hundred and fifty-seven women to ninety-seven men with being the victims of disappointed love. Egotism kills an equal number; gambling is as fatal a passion to one sex as to the other, but disappointed ambition kills nearly four times as many women as men, and is, strange to say, the cause of the majority of suicides among the female sex. That proper occupations might prevent this passion from being so fatal is easily proved if we remember how many of our girls, like Sir Hudibras's sword—

"Do eat into themselves for lack
Of something else to hew and hack."

We leave it to theologians to decide why it is that suicide is more common among Protestants than Romanists; but it may be suggested that the question of nationality and of educational influences must enter into the discussion.

But, if suicide has its seasons and its religions, it also has its chosen hours. A French medical writer says that philosophical suicide is committed during the night, or just before daybreak, while accidental suicide takes place during the day. As what he calls "philosophical suicide" is the effect of long brooding over trouble and much premeditation upon death, the night with its silent inaction is naturally most favorable to a desperate resolution and action. Accidental suicide is the result of sudden calamity; and, as this would naturally come during the day, the deed follows the cause at once. Novelists, it will be remembered, choose twilight and midnight for their characters to kill themselves, the heroine preferring the first hour, the hero the latter.

In regard to the prevalence of suicide in localities, Berlin stands prominent as a city where the people weary of life, while Palermo can be safely recommended to any one who has any morbid desire to end his life, as its inhabitants are content until death comes in a natural manner. France contributes largely to the list of suicidal deaths, and is credited with an average of six thousand nine hundred annually. The department of the Seine records one suicide to each three thousand six hundred inhabitants; but the Seine is the Mecca of those who wish to die by drowning. In despotic countries the crime is rare; in the United States and England it is common, but

there are few statistics published from which we can obtain accurate information.

In treating upon the reasons for suicide it must be remembered that it is more frequently due to physical than to mental and moral causes. The bones of suicides, like those of the insane, have been found to be brittle and chalky; and, as Dr. Winslow asserts, a majority of them have suffered from brain-disease, dyspepsia, different forms of gastric derangements, thickening of the skull, and other diseased conditions. In treating it as a mental disorder, he says it is always safe to presume the presence of insanity after one attempt has been made. When it takes the form of mania, it is almost impossible to prevent the victims from accomplishing their object; and women who have been deprived of all weapons and poisons have broken window-panes and swallowed the glass; or, yet more determined, have choked themselves by excluding air from the larynx with the tongue. It is, of course, difficult to cure any one of the tendency when it is hereditary; but it takes its most violent and unreasonable form when it becomes epidemic. From the time when the ladies of Miletus killed themselves because they could not bear the separation from their lovers and husbands, who had gone to war, down to the days when Napoleon's soldiers died by their own hands rather than endure military slavery, it has been a problem how to prevent the contagion from spreading. Kings have ordered extreme penalties in the shape of indignities to the dead bodies, generals have declared it an act worthy only a coward, and the Church has cursed the suicide by withholding from his body her funeral-rites and blessings. The civil law of ancient Rome discriminated between the causes for the deed; and, when it proceeded from weariness, ill-health, or any trouble that did not affect the state or public treasury, the property belonging to the suicide was allowed to go in its natural channel; but, when it was the consequence of crime, it was confiscated to the government, the heirs, however, being allowed to try the case. The law was even yet more severe upon the unsuccessful than the successful suicides, as it treated them as if they had accomplished the deed, holding that he who would not spare himself would show less mercy to others. In our days, if we do not deprive of his property the man who fails to kill himself, we visit him with a social scorn that must be rather distressing. We give the one who succeeds credit for his nerve, at least some belief in the reality of the feeling that forced him to the deed, having an idea that the tragedy of his taking off atones for his weakness and faults. For the one who fails we have contempt for his weakness, and a vivid idea that he has exaggerated his troubles.

It is not probable that suicides think much of the future. They must have but little thought of any future happiness, but rather a strong desire to rid themselves of the present misery. The rest of Buddhas, or complete annihilation, would probably come nearest to all they want or expect. It would be an interesting point in the study of morbid conditions if we could understand just how a man in health feels when he knows that he is on

the eve of departure from all his old associations and friends, for, little as he may realize the importance of the deed he has resolved upon, the most careless must have some sense of final leave-taking. The very ignorance of those around him in regard to his intentions must, in a way, make them more real to him, and yet make the deed more easy. We have all seen in the eyes of the dying a sense of the coming separation between themselves and all that is familiar, but Nature in this case gently prepares them for it. All modern suicides, it is safe to assert, are essentially selfish; for, although many are so miserable that life seems almost a curse, yet few are independent enough not to affect the happiness of others by such a death. The fact is, we all expect too much of this world, and are too apt to fancy that, while others ought to comprehend that trouble is the natural destiny of man, we were born for better things. If those who mean to make death an instant cure for every thing would but be as determined to live, it is possible they might find that even curses are transmittible into a motive power for something good, and, going a little farther, discover that Madame de Staël was right when she said that, if any one who was miserable would be content to live ten years longer, he would not only find, at the end of that time, that he was happy, but that he derived his happiness from sources to which he was formerly indifferent. The one philosophical thing to do is not to let trouble get between us and the sunshine, for, if we do, the eclipse may frighten us, as eclipses of the sun do fowls, and, thinking bedtime has come, we may hurry off too soon.

The most practical use to which suicide could be put was proposed by Dr. George L. Newman, the "sand philosopher," in a paper on "Melancholia," published in 1836. He says: "But that suicide could be divested of its selfishness and made to serve mankind can be readily proved by any one who is brave and self-denying enough to do so. It is to be assumed that the person in question is in earnest in his intention of self-destruction, and does not mean to be turned from his purpose. Then, as suicides rarely shrink from the most painful means of accomplishing their end, that he is indifferent to pain. These propositions being granted, we can go a step further, and assert that, as men have died for their country, for their religion, their friends, and political faith, it is not too much to ask that, if they do not die for Knowledge, they ought at least to be willing in dying to serve her. It is not unusual for a sufferer from some obscure or complicated disease to order an examination after death, so that others may, perhaps, be prevented from suffering the same; but, after all, it is only to the eye of the surgeon that the corpse can speak. The scalpel may tell that certain organs have been diseased, certain tissues wasted, certain portions injured, and that this or that process must have taken place, but who shall connect the long sequence of symptoms with their causes, who trace the growth of the disease and tell just where it started, and, by the light of the newly-gained knowledge of the results, discover its origin? When the teacher wishes to explain the ac-

tion of poisons to his classes, he can do nothing better than show them the writhing of a rabbit or a frog. If he wishes to study the effect of the severance of certain muscles, or the effect of the loss of certain organs, he must experiment upon pigeons or cats, but what will give these creatures the power to report their sensations? Put into their place a subject who is desperate enough to desire to die, heroic enough to bear any pain, and intelligent enough to describe just how the poison worked its changes through his system, and what he could or could not do when certain operations were performed, and we would find that experiment would become certainty, and science gain new power to help the suffering. It is true that the surgeon would have to be as heroic as his subject, and that he would need that the law should protect him in his difficult duty, but physicians have to nerve themselves every day to unpleasant offices, and this could be his highest tribute to his profession.

"The law orders men to useless deaths without a moment's thought of pity; and if there must be capital punishment, would it not be better that they who have studied to injure and oppress mankind should have the opportunity of voluntarily—or even involuntarily—atonement for their crimes by a novel and useful close to their brutal, sinful lives? This, it seemeth to me, would be a form of martyrdom that would be in every respect most noble, as it would not only make the path of science clearer, but would tend to alleviate the pains of the innocent and suffering."

This may seem like carrying civilization to an extreme, but, as we are now told that our mother Earth, who used to take all worn and tired bodies to her arms, and gently transform them into grass and flowers, now fixes a money value on the ashes, it may be possible that, if the prediction of Novalis that we will all yet kill ourselves to make room for a better race, should become true, we may bring ourselves to this "nobler form of martyrdom" instead of emulating Yost Yoder, to whom

"It seemed that God was far away,
And that the devil had power in the world,
And gave his witches power upon the saints;
And why this should be so he could not guess;
It worried him and darkened all his mind,
And made his life a burden that he bore
In silence, year by year, and labored on,
For he had still some pressing work to do;
But, when the sprouting meadow-plot was drained,
The clearing fenced, his last gale fully paid,
And the crop harvested, he took a rope
And hung himself behind the smoke-house door,
So made an end of trouble."

LOUISE STOCKTON.

SMALL-TALK.

ONE of the most awkward moments of a man's life is when he is introduced to a strange young lady whom he has never seen or even heard of before, whom he is instructed to take down to dinner, and whom he is ordered by the hostess to amuse and entertain on pain of her displeasure. The man mutters behind his mustache something about "charmed and delighted, inexpressible

pleasure," etc., in an incoherent and ghastly fashion, and then looks after the retreating skirts of the lady of the house as a lone sailor on a raft surveys the ship that leaves him to his despair. The lady, no matter how she may feel, betrays no awkwardness nor emotion. She falls back upon a policy of masterly inactivity. She has to be amused, and she, with apparent calm, awaits the efforts of the gentleman who is bound, by the laws of conventionality and the orders of the hostess, to be amusing. He, poor fellow, is in agonies of nervousness. What is he to say to her? What subject can he broach to wile away the *mauvais quart d'heure* before the announcement of dinner? Endeavoring to give himself an air of ease and graceful negligence, he trifles with his cravat, or, if a very bold young man, sticks both his thumbs into the pockets of his vest, or strikes an attitude with one hand on his hip and the other curling his mustache. Internally he is in a rage with himself for being so early, and swearing by all the gods of Olympus that he will never come again until the very minute before the dinner-hour! All this time he has not spoken, and he knows that he must speak; that in another moment the young lady's eyes, now cast down modestly to the ground, will be raised expectantly to his face, and the beads of perspiration gather on his forehead as he ransacks his brain for something bright, sparkling, and complimentary. He glances at her toilet, in hopes of an inspiration; she looks up at that moment, and he, stammering and red as a beet, says tremblingly, "Don't you think it very warm?"

Ye gods, what a brilliant remark!

The agonized youths of many generations who have undergone these pangs have demanded of society some relief. Society has blandly answered to her children by the word "small-talk." It is clear that a man cannot converse sensibly or agreeably on many topics with any young lady to whose tastes, inclinations, and pursuits, he is an utter stranger. He may understand botany, and be able to talk fluently about flowers and ferns; but, if she have no inclinations toward anemones and artemisias, his mouth is closed. Or suppose him geological, and learned as to the coal-fields of his country. What he has to say about the block-coal of Indiana, and the Pennsylvanian anthracites, and Kentucky cannel, would drive her distracted, and make her pretty mouth melancholy if she were not similarly gifted. Or suppose, as is most probably the case, that the young lady has some special knowledge about which she is not disinclined to exchange ideas, and the unhappy youth leaning over her chair is a young stock-broker, whose aspirations do not extend beyond the vicinity of Wall Street. On what are these people to converse for the short time that they have to be companions according to the dictates of the social laws? Naturally on those topics indicated by the word small-talk.

The expression shows that nothing very learned, very abstruse, or very æsthetic, is intended. Indeed, the phrase is not very capable of definition, and varies somewhat according to location. In England and in France, more especially in London and in Paris, it

means a pleasant bubble about persons. For example, if the gentleman whom we have depicted in a red heat of nervousness should have said, in a questioning way, "I believe I had the fortune to see you at the C—s," the young lady would respond, "No, I was not there; but probably at the B—s, where I am very intimate," all would be well, and the ice would be broken by the mutual attempt to find some common acquaintances. Even if the effort should not be successful, the opportunity has been given for the young lady to give some hint about herself, which she is sure to do. For, in all social matters, women are perfectly at home, not because they have more brains, so much as because they have so much less vanity. The awkwardness of the cavalier comes from his self-consciousness more than any thing else. He could interest the lady if he would only be natural; but this he will not be. He wishes to appear brilliant, witty, sarcastic—Heaven knows what; and therefore he disdains small-talk, which, like small-beer, has its uses, and may be longed for by kings and heirs-apparent under certain combinations of circumstances.

It is obvious that the countries where social circles are very large have a great advantage over ours where they are exceedingly small. Where everybody, to a certain extent, knows everybody else, small-talk becomes pleasant enough, especially when it proceeds from the mouths of clever people. A gentleman may know nothing of the lady beside him; but, after a few interchanges of remarks about other people, he gets the *carte du pays*, and is under no embarrassment. The pair can chat away for hours upon the people whom they know, or whom everybody knows, without weariness. Mrs. A—'s conversations at Great McGill House, the bad French, that Miss B— speaks there, the wonderful looks of the German professor who plays the piano-forte, etc., slip from their mouths as glibly as possible. But here, in New York, we have not the same advantages. Our social circles are often composed of members of the same church, and have no other rallying-point. Many, many times a young gentleman from Ohio finds himself the escort of a young lady here with the absolute conviction that there is not one idea in common between them. He appeals to society for assistance, and society, blandly as ever, repeats the word small-talk. But how is he to know what is small-talk? All that constitutes it is an enigma to him. He does not know any thing about persons, and so the chief part of the small-talk stock-in-trade is closed to him. He cannot tattle about the fashions, and he is ashamed to attempt politics. He cannot plunge into any of the topics of the hour without some prelude, some introductory flourishes. He cannot say bolt outright, "What do you think of the temperance question?" as soon as the hostess has performed the ceremony of introduction; nor can he challenge her views about woman's rights. He falls back instinctively upon the temperature, and suggests that "it is quite warm."

It is true that there are other topics of conversation which come within the definition of small-talk. There is the drama and the opera, and the minstrels, if the young

lady be of the world, and there are lectures, and the Young Men's Christian Association, and Mr. Beecher, if she be a professing member of some denomination. But the young man from Ohio is very probably unversed either in religious or worldly small-talk, and can only speak of those things which he knows. Now to talk of what we know is not small-talk, but genuine conversation, and to be able to talk well of what we know is about the highest gift that Nature has ever bestowed on any individual. The essence of small-talk is that it is not meant to enlighten or to instruct, but simply to amuse or to occupy the attention of people who are in a condition of enforced idleness. In small-talk, when the subject is not confined to personal chit-chat, one only glides superficially over the topics introduced. If, for example, the young man from Ohio should be a theatre-goer, and the young lady to whom he is introduced be also a frequenter of the drama, small-talk would confine itself to an interchange of opinions, or rather likings and dislikings, and a *résumé* of the stars which the two parties had seen. If the Ohioan should presume to analyze the method of Ristori, or should expatiate upon the tragic genius of Jauschek, or should flout the pretensions of Booth, he would commit a social sin, because this line would necessitate on the part of his listener more attention and more mental effort than she might be willing or able to bestow. *Pari passu* it would be unfair for the lady to demand an explanation of the myths connected with the story of Medea and Jason, as dramatized by Grillparzer, for that would demand special knowledge such as few persons care to attain. And, however much a lady might be interested in such matters, she has no right to demand of her temporary entertainer a similar interest. All she can legitimately expect of him is the amount of mental effort comprised by the word small-talk.

It has, however, been shown that between strangers in this country small-talk is somewhat difficult. The natural consequence is that society falls into two abysses—Boredom and Listlessness. The former results from the determination of many persons to say something, and hence, not having any definite idea of what should be said, they mount their little hobbies and charge desperately upon the field of conversation. Fancy the feelings of Miss Prettypet, just seventeen, who has been introduced to an apparently harmless individual, when he commences a fearful discussion upon the relative civilizations of the Aryans and Turans! Imagine that poor girl's terror, when with hand uplifted and fierce eyes her entertainer solemnly protests that the early Chinese were not Mongols, and that the first emigration to Shen-si was from Aryana! She shrinks with agony from the energy of his elbows, and is ready to die with shame when his voice mounts to a positive shout in his anger against the causeless hypotheses of Rawlinson, or when he hurls quotations from the Viscount Gobineau against the offender. Every eye is directed to them, and Miss Prettypet mentally invokes the assistance of Mother Earth and wants to be swallowed up that instant and hidden from the observation of the company. It is equal-

ly unpleasant to that rising young railroad official, Edwin Banks, Esq., to be tackled immediately after his introduction to Miss Miriam Pilgrimmer by a demand for his views on the cosmogony of Moses, and to be subsequently drowned by her eloquent exposition of the theory established by herself of the Noachian Deluge. Just conceive of a lady of a certain age fixing a glittering green eye upon the railroad man, and shaking her side-curls at him in defiance as she puts him through his scientific paces! "Have you studied the causes of the precession of the equinoxes? No. Well, are you aware that they are completed in a cycle of some twenty-one thousand years? You are not. Are you aware that, in all probability, deluges are periodic, sir? Do you know that the deluge recorded by Moses was probably the one hundred and twenty-seventh, and that the passage of the Red Sea was the one hundred and twenty-eighth, and that it wants only thirty-one hundred and thirty years to the completion of the one hundred and twenty-ninth cycle? You say, *après nous le déluge*, and I grant, if you will, that we are not likely to be drowned by its waters; but have you thought that?"—Here the hostess makes a sign to descend to the dinner-table, and the gasping railroad-man is saved from drowning in the Pilgrimmer waters by the general movement.

The other abyss of listlessness is a smaller offense against good taste, but is a greater one against gallantry. When Percival Pink, Esq., is introduced to Miss Flirtilla Smith, and told that he is to amuse her, he sinks into the arm-chair by her side, and avows candidly that he cannot, and asks Miss Smith if she will be so kind as to try and amuse him. If Miss Flirtilla is accustomed to that kind of man, she assents readily; if she is not, she is sure to giggle at the idea—the inversion of the *roles* striking her as being very comic. The ice is, however, broken, and conversation of some kind or other is sure to ensue. Nothing is droller, though, than to see a stalwart man sunk languidly into the recesses of a luxurious chair, while a young lady, seated bolt upright, is striving hard to make the monster laugh. It must be owned that he is not irresponsible to her efforts, and chuckles feebly, ejaculating every minute, "Capital, by Jove, capital; best thing I ever heard!" And really, although it does seem queer to see the lady play the agreeable and the man receive the attentions, yet, when one comes down from the height of conventionality, and judges from the facts, it is clear that there is nothing absurd about it. Women are more nimble-witted than men, and have a thousand bright and nimble fancies which cannot fail to please. Men, on the contrary, cannot be very amusing unless they are really witty, which occurs about once in a thousand times. They have an appreciation of humor which women lack, and they remember jokes better. But, though this enables them to amuse each other, it does not give them any power of pleasing women, who smile from civility when they have not the least comprehension of where the laugh comes in.

Since, then, society, from want of some

cohesive substance, is bound to be frittered into coteries in this country, and therefore small-talk cannot flourish, it is well that the task of amusing should be handed over to the fair sex. The men give it up. The women, therefore, will please to understand that they must accept the position, or else the men, in self-defense, will be compelled to bore them by talking shop. Of course there are many persons of both sexes who can converse, who can improvise witty nonsense upon the spot, and who would die sooner than be geological, or ethnological, or any thing else that is specific and horrid. But, as all persons cannot possess this talent, some substitute had to be found for it. Small-talk was invented, and in this has come the women's opportunity. The field of conversation is theirs. The world of America awaits with impatience to see what they will do with it.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CIVIL SERVICE.

BY ALEXANDER DELMAR,

LATE DIRECTOR OF THE UNITED STATES BUREAU OF STATISTICS.

II.

WOMEN AS CLERKS.

WHAT sort of clerks do women make? is a question that has been asked me a thousand times. I had at various times, under my immediate supervision, some sixty or seventy of the sex, and here is my experience:

In two words, women make the best of clerks. I was rather afraid of employing them in this capacity at first. How could I expect promptness of execution from such frail and gentle creatures? What chance of rapid movement from those whose persons were so begirt with flowing, cumbrous garments, as to render locomotion difficult? Other objections presented themselves. The size of the books kept in the United States Treasury is very great. In order to make entries in them the clerks have to stand up and reach over them. If they sit down at all, it may only be occasionally, and on the top of high stools. Could I expect ladies to stand up and make entries in mammoth blank-books? or perch themselves on office-stools with pen in ear?

In the other bureaus of the Treasury where ladies were employed, they were used to copy letters, count fractional currency, or perform some other merely mechanical function. I had too much regard for the sex to subject it to such inferior employment. Still, what was I to do—make clerks of women?

I determined to leave the settlement of this question to the ladies themselves. The council I convened was a fair representative body. It consisted of a lady about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, who had the reputation of being the smartest clerk and book-keeper in the office. She represented the talent of the sex. The second was a young lady about twenty years of age, pretty, brilliant, and saucy. She represented the beauty and spirituality of the sex. The third was an old tabby who had been saddled on the depart-

ment by some vicariously charitable member of Congress, and left as a legacy to me by the Register of the Treasury. She is dead now, poor lady, so I'll say nothing further about her, beyond the fact that, although she drew nine hundred dollars a year, which was the fixed salary of all ladies in the Treasury, she never was worth, as a clerk, or even as a copyist, so much as a postage-stamp. This party of the third part represented the useless element. Business women, pretty women, eleemosynary wards, these were the three types of women, not only in my bureau, but in the Treasury generally. My cabinet was, therefore, chosen with strict regard to justice.

My business counselor declared herself not only willing but anxious to abandon the monotonous and useless task of copying letters (remember, these were written copies of letter-press copies), and go to work on the books. She thought she was capable of doing the work acceptably and without fatigue. My pretty and saucy counselor expressed herself to the same effect, only not quite so modestly. She would undertake not only to keep books, but beat the men at it, and drive the latter entirely out of the Treasury, leaving to them ploughing, digging, paving, and the like strictly masculine employments, which were all they were good for. As these happen to be strictly feminine employments in many countries of the world, including some in Europe and nearly all in Asia and Africa, and as, moreover, I had never yet seen a female clerk, but had known numberless first-rate male ones, these radical views did not impress me very favorably. My superannuated counselor had nothing to say. She bowed submissively to any fate that might be in store for her, at the same time mildly suggesting that, in case the change was made, it would be an act of charity on my part to "transfer" her to some other bureau where she might repose in a corner forgotten and undisturbed, and only be obliged to emerge once a month to draw her pay.

The result of the consultation was, that I determined to proceed with the change. On canvassing the rest of the ladies separately, I found all but three eager for the proposed reform. These three were of the class represented by my third counselor—mere sinecurists. There are plenty of men in the Treasury of the same order. Next day the bureau (male section, of course) was thrown into intense commotion by the appearance of women at the account-books, the orders for the transfer and subdivision of the books having been promulgated over night. There were the ladies at the high desks, some of them even perched on high-stools, and all of them "posting" away as though they had been accustomed to the work all their lives.

It was unanimously determined—among the men—that the experiment would fail; the bureau be exposed to ridicule; the ladies turned out of office, etc.; but, as time went on, and the business of the bureau increased so that there was no fear of a lack of employment for both male and female clerks—for, after all, this was the real source of alarm and evil foreboding—I heard no more of the matter.

This promotion of the women from the

grade of copyists to that of clerks, the first systematic movement of the kind ever made, soon led to the general advancement of their salaries by Congress.

It is said women justly have the reputation being gossips, tale-bearers, mischief-makers, etc. That they cannot keep a secret, is a very common impression; that they are incapable of sustained effort, is perhaps another. The sex will hardly thank me for taking the trouble to deny these vulgar prejudices, but, while I am on the confession-stool about the civil service, I may as well be candid and outspoken. These prejudices exist, and they have a practical bearing on the question of opening new fields of employment to women. As such, they deserve some attention. There were gossips and intriguers in the Treasury by the hundred, but I rarely found them to be women. The men told tales of one another, sought to undermine one another, impeached one another's loyalty, impugned one another's probity; but the women, never. I have often heard it said of women that, while men offer charges, they only deal in insinuations. My experience in the Treasury went to prove the contrary. The mischief that resulted from this cowardly practice was invariably the work of men.

Perhaps the highest tribute that can be paid to women, as clerks, is, that they are strictly honest and faithful. I never knew an instance of their attempting deceit; on the contrary, there are so many male clerks—of course, I confine this remark entirely to employés of the government—who live in a self-made atmosphere of false pretenses, that plain truth, much less fidelity and honor, is often a scarce commodity among them.

The departments are filled with men who, having acquired by heart some little technicality of the business routine, manage to convert their offices into sinecures, and retain these for years. They create the impression that they are indispensable, and even the destroying hand of party spares them. Administrations change, even bureaus, those most immortal of all governmental arrangements, pass away; but the indispensables remain.

Are there really no indispensables in the civil service? No. Indispensables are invariably charlatans. I have learned to regard a reputation for indispensability in office as the most eminent qualification for dismissal. Show me a man whom it is thought the government cannot do without, and I will show you a humbug and a parasite. The best men in office are those who feel and act entirely independent of office.

Here is the story of one of these indispensables. The warehouse subdivision consisted of a single clerk, by the name of, let us say, Kidderminster. I dare say the man is still living, and, if so, is pretty sure to be in office. I found him in a room by himself. He was a man of unpleasantly livid visage, with the general appearance about him—an appearance that extended itself to his hair, his clothes, ay, even to his boots—of having been dead and buried once, and but recently brought to life again. Upon inquiring into the nature of his work, he answered very unsatisfactorily. It was "yes" and "no," but never a word of elucidation. Speaking gen-

erally, it was "warehouse-books." As to further particulars, he sought to convey to me the impression that the subject was altogether too vast to be disposed of in my summary fashion. Other officers of the Treasury had tried to probe "warehouse-books," and had devoted weeks and weeks to it without success, but nobody had before attempted to fathom the subject, as I had, in a few minutes. My clerk didn't say all this, but he looked it, he acted it. His attitude was that of a man of profound erudition, who was being asked to tell all he knew in ten minutes. His bearing was respectful, but it was respect exposed to extreme trial. Sublime resignation to the rude scrutiny of authority shone all over him. It was as though he said, "You are my master, do with me as you will; but, though you drag my heart out, you never can understand the profound mystery of my vocation!" But that is just exactly what I was driving at. I applied the profane hand of authority to this profundity, and requested him to expound it forthwith; and this is how he did it: he laid upon the desk before him, one after another, some twelve or fifteen large volumes, filled with figures, and all labeled "Warehouse." Then he looked at me silently and respectfully, as though he would say: "You are bent upon entering the dreadful arcana. Very well. Behold the penalty of your temerity. These are the Awful Dwellers of the Threshold!"

Now, I am a very plain, practical sort of man, and not easily gammoned—at least, not with such simple means as this man had thought best to employ. Disclaiming all desire to go into details, I insisted upon satisfactory answers to my inquiries; what were the warehouse books; what did they show; of what use were they; under what law or regulation were they compiled; were they required to be printed and laid before Congress, etc. To all these I got but one general and confused reply: these were the warehouse-books; they had been compiled from time immemorial; the government could not get along without them; and Mr. Kidderminster was the only person to whom it had ever been considered safe to intrust them.

In vain did I endeavor to read this sphinx by the rush-light of my chief clerk's intelligence; he could communicate nothing. All he knew was what I had just been told. The warehouse-books were the Talmud and the Mishna of Treasury rabbinism. Nobody had ever seen them; but they were held in unspeakable veneration because of the mystery that surrounded them; and this mystery was supported by Mr. Kidderminster's general character, which was good. He was a member of the church, and a quiet, respectable man.

This was not enough for me. The people of this country cared no more about Mr. Kidderminster's piety than they did about the color of his beard. The simple question was this: Was he performing a useful duty and performing it well? This question I determined to answer for myself.

Do not imagine, kind reader, that I was too quick with this man. The civil service possesses many frauds and sinecurists, and you will be shown the sometimes terrible mischiefs which flow from their retention in office—

mischiefs that, as in the case of the immigrant passenger accounts, involved the lives, yes, the lives, of hundreds of human beings. But this is a separate story.

The warehouse accounts were not a new subject to me. My father had been an officer of the customs, at New York, for many years, and had often taken me to his office, when I was a boy, to spend the day. There, having nothing else to do, I became interested in the workings of the then recently-enacted warehouse law of 1846. I need not here describe the provisions of this act; suffice to say, it entirely changed the foreign commerce of the country by enabling importers to warehouse their goods for a market previous to entry. To secure the government against fraud, a detailed account of the entries and withdrawals of goods, and of the transfers in bond to other customs districts, was ordered to be kept. A copy of this was to be sent to Washington. As the Treasury would thus receive an account from every customs district, the sum of all the withdrawals would balance the sum of all the entries, and all the goods entered would be accounted for up to the moment of their lawful release from the custody of the officials. A summary of these accounts was to be published quarterly in the Washington newspapers. Such were the provisions of the law.

As will be surmised, these were the accounts intrusted to my cadaverous sphinx. I discovered this only after a two days' personal inspection of the contents of his books. I also discovered some other facts. To say that the accounts were incomplete, confused, left unbalanced for a long series of years; that no account of stock had been taken, that no publication had been made, is to say the least.

I believe my indispensability resigned. At all events, I turned the accounts over to the ladies, and, for the first time in the history of the government, they were kept straight—that is, as straight as the politicians will allow them to be kept.

A plan that I carried into operation, only after the most strenuous opposition, brought to light many such sinecurists. This was to shift the clerks periodically from one desk to another. It is a plan practised in the army, and, I believe, with good results. Many changes of this sort that took place under my administration enabled me to get rid, at last, of all the indispensabilities, and I felt confident of the efficiency of the remainder.

I never knew of women resorting to this practice, although their dependence on office, from the fewer occupations left to them outside, must have been infinitely greater. There is this fact, however, to distinguish the female clerks of the government, and it accounts for many things: as a class, they are ladies. Many of them belong to excellent families. One in my office was the orphan daughter of a former Speaker of the House of Representatives. Three or four were related to former members of Congress from Virginia or Maryland. As many more were planters' daughters, ladies who had been thoroughly cultivated, and accustomed to the refinements which wealth and social rank confer. Many were related to reduced families in our large cities.

But the male clerks are too often not gentlemen. The best are the older ones, who have been tamed down by the amenities of Washington social life. The worst are the young politicians, who have recently been imported from the country towns, where they were doubtless of some importance, and placed in office by their friends in Congress. It requires time to take the rough edge off of these men, and sometimes it never comes off at all.

Finally, women are quick to understand what is wanted. The slightest intimation is often enough. But men! Why, some men's comprehensions are so difficult to reach, especially upon unaccustomed subjects, that, if sledge-hammers were employed to drive ideas into their heads, the probability is they would inquire what all that noise up-stairs was about!

MY STORY.*

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

(Published from Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER XXIII.

VISITORS.

I OVERSLEPT myself. I had meant to wake at five o'clock; but it was six when I peeped out of the window, roused by the barking of the dogs. I knew that their barking was caused by Captain Brand's departure, as he was to start at six o'clock.

By the time I am ready to go down-stairs I have decided that it was a good thing I have overslept myself.

It is much better to wait the arrival of my father's letter; when that comes I will write to Captain Brand, and tell him every thing. He is so really good and kind, that he will not blight the happiness of two young things who love one another as Eugène and I do. I begin to like him so much; and yet, if he insisted on making me his wife, I should hate him. Surely, any sensible man would listen to a girl who told him this, especially if she told him she loved some one else.

I was very silent during breakfast, and so was Madame La Peyre.

Just as she left the room, she said:

"You can go and see Madame Dayrell when you please, Gertrude; but do not go often. I told you I wished you not to go during Captain Brand's visit; and it will be better, my dear, not to speak of your marriage to her."

Madame La Peyre went away so quickly that I could not answer; but, indeed, I had no words ready.

That word "marriage," spoken by Madame La Peyre, made my trouble real again, and destroyed the web of hope I had been weaving.

I sat, wearily picturing my future life. I would never be Captain Brand's wife. No, not if I had to run away, and spend all my

* Continued from JOURNAL of June 6th.

days in efforts to escape him; and then—why, I do not know—all my misery seemed to roll away like a cloud; perhaps it was that the sun was shining gloriously, making the satin holly-leaves look like little mirrors of brightness.

"I will not think of it any more"—and I went up to my room to get my hat—"I will think of my father; and, also, I am sure Captain Brand will be glad to break an engagement with a girl who does not love him, and whom he does not love; and, if I keep this marriage out of my head, I am really happy here with dear Madame La Peyre, much happier than I was at home, when I was always craving for love, and sympathy, and escape from that ugly old school-room. I remember, even in those days which seem so far off now, that I certainly was not contented; I wanted to know more of my mother, to talk to her, and to ask her about thoughts which I could not tell to my governess or sisters. Till her illness began on board the *Adelaide*, I always felt strange with her. Ah, if I only had her now! When I think of her, it seems to me I have rather an idea of what she might have been than a real memory of her. O mother darling, if ever I am blessed with a child, no nurse or governess shall ever come between me and my child's confidence; it shall never puzzle over the mysteries of life as I have puzzled."

Here I smile at my own exaggeration. With the exception of that trouble which I have resolved to put out of my thoughts, and the great sorrow I have at times for my mother, life seems to me here, at Merdon, much brighter and pleasanter than I had imagined it. I have friends who are kind to me; and there are sweet, bright Madame La Peyre, and Angélique, who is always sweet and kind, so good that only to talk to her makes me feel better. Every one loves me; even the village children flock round me if I appear in the village in play-hours. Old Samuel is cross-grained, but then his quaintness amuses me; he is like a grumbled oak-stump. Mrs. Dayrell is different. Ah, Mrs. Dayrell makes the chief shadow in my life! I cannot love her. I do not often see her, but she always fascinates me; and then, when I am deeply interested, and am pitying her with my whole heart, she stings like a nettle. She is so out of harmony with all else here that my visits are painful to look back on. I will make Angélique tell me why Mrs. Dayrell is so unhappy, whether she has a real trouble, or whether she makes one for herself.

There is a knock at the door of my room; my reflections are ended.

Angélique comes in, smiling.

"Mademoiselle, there are some visitors for you. Madame Tracey and her daughters are returned from their voyage, and they come to make the acquaintance of Mademoiselle Stewart."

I smiled. I have heard that the vicar's family have been spending the autumn in Switzerland, which, to me, seems a puny voyage enough; but I am pleased with the hope of getting young companions.

I found them all in the "parlor," as the mistress of the house calls it, with Madame La Peyre. Mrs. Tracey came forward and

shook hands with me. I like her face, but not her manner. She is a small woman, with a delicate skin, and regular features, and blue eyes. They are pretty, without being sweet. She reminds me of that little garden-flower, *nemophila*, fair to the eye, but wholly without sentiment or fragrance. The girls are not like their mother; they are tall and large-boned—showy-looking, I suppose, they would be called. Georgiana, the eldest, has dark eyes, and heavy, dark eyebrows, and such black hair; but she looks haughty, she holds her head so stiffly. Angelina, or Lina, as they call the other, looks much nicer. She has soft eyes—I cannot tell of what color, her white eyelids droop so over them—and she has long, light eyelashes. Her light hair is wavy and pretty. She is not so pale as her sister is, and there is a pretty dimple in her cheeks, which makes me think she can be more amusing than she shows herself in this visit.

But I like both the girls better than I like their mother, because they do not make such professions of delight. How can Mrs. Tracey know all in a minute that she is charmed with me? She is pretty, but I am afraid she must be silly. Also, why need she say that she has often heard of my great-grandfather, Lord Erlingham? She has a great deal of graceful manner, but still I do not care for her. I am relieved when she says:

"Why should not these girls go for a little walk, while you and I chat about Switzerland, madame?"

I am off to get my hat before any one answers, and Lina, at any rate, looks pleased when I come down, ready to start. I feel a little shy of these young ladies as I walk between them, and remark the fashionable style of their hair. I suppose it is fashionable. I have gone on doing mine just the same way I did in Van Diemen's Land, nearly a year ago—only long, loose plaits, coiled round and round the back of my head. But this is quite different; it droops low in the neck, and makes the head look very wide. Their dress is quiet enough in color, but still it is studied, and there is a great deal of trimming about it, and on their gray hats.

The eldest looks at me as soon as we are in the path leading to the village.

"Do you not find Merdon dreadfully dull?" She speaks kindly, and I think pityingly, but I am not in a pugnacious mood this morning. I am disposed to rejoice in this prospect of companionship.

"No, not yet, it is all new to me. I have been so long on board ship and traveling, that I delight in the stillness, and all the country sights and sounds, it is so different from Tasmania."

"You will soon lose many of these," said Lina—she lisps, but it sounds very pretty. I am sure I shall like her—I would kiss her if she gave me the least excuse; "why, it is quite chilly already," she gives a little shiver, "and look how bare the trees are already. Merdon always seems extra melancholy to me with that ceaseless sound of falling leaves."

I laugh.

"I hardly notice it; you see the changing color on the trees has been to me something

glorious. We have so few beautiful trees, and they do not take these delicate tints; but still, even when all the leaves are gone, nothing can alter the sunsets in the Clevee, or the exquisite tints on the rocks there."

"I am afraid my sister and I are not artists," says Georgiana, coldly, and she gives a little emphasis, as if there were something objectionable in the word; "we shrink from dullness, and we find Merdon quite a buried-alive residence—there is so little society."

I look at her; though she is so tall, we are nearly of a height. She is frowning hard with those heavy black eyebrows.

"But I should have thought you knew every one in the village, from old Samuel upward. You know Mr. Donald and Mr. Newton, of course?" I said this a little slyly, because Mr. Newton had talked to me about the Traceys, and had said they were spoiled. So I felt deceitful in putting this as a question.

I saw the sisters exchange looks, and then Georgiana smiled in a very pitying way in deed.

"We know Mr. Newton—he owns the land here, and he is a very charming person, a very old friend of ours; but Mr. Donald is not one of our friends, he is only Mr. Newton's tutor. You do not know that, perhaps?"

I look at her and I smile. With all her fashion and her grand manner, how small she is! Plainly to her a gentleman is made by his position, not by his behavior. I am sure Lina must be wiser, and I turn to her.

"Yes, Mr. Donald told me so himself; he has been so very kind to me—lending me books, and directing my reading."

They both seemed to think this amusing.

"Well," said Lina, "that would be quite in his way, I fancy—he looks just like a schoolmaster, though, when mamma proposed that he should give us German lessons, he refused to do so, without giving any reason. Very foolish and stuck up, was it not?"

"I do not find him so." I was vexed with myself for speaking warmly, but I could not help it. It was not so much what the Misses Tracey said, but the manner of saying it—as if Mr. Donald was some one of whom it was hardly seemly to talk at all. "I think him most interesting to talk to."

"Really!" Georgiana showed her white, firm teeth in a most elaborate smile; "I have never talked to Mr. Donald, so I cannot presume to judge. I fancy it is very difficult to judge people of that kind—one can never admit them to the familiarity necessary for easy intercourse. With people of his own class, I dare say Mr. Donald is a very good sort of person."

"I do not understand"—my eyes were very mocking, I fancy, for Lina said in haste:

"No, of course you do not understand, dear Miss Stewart. Georgiana is so terribly downright. Mamma often tells her so." This was said in a low voice, and it shocked me—it seemed to me household treason that Lina should speak of her sister's faults.

"Mr. Donald is a scholar, and has associated with gentlemen, and so on"—Lina had a half-conscious look in her eyes—"but he has no position, of course—he is received merely as Mr. Newton's tutor. Have you

see. Mr. Newton's horses?" she went on, "they are such loves!"

"Yes, I am going to ride one of them next week; he has promised to lend me one."

I felt that they exchanged looks again—and Lina left off smiling.

"Do you see much of Mr. Newton?" Georgiana really speaks as if she thought me a child.

"Oh, yes, I see him most days," I say, carelessly, "I shall miss him when he goes."

"I don't know what we shall do without him," Lina sighs, "he is so clever, so remarkable in all ways—so very much thought of by every one."

My contradiction got the better of me.

"He is very good-natured and amusing, but I had no idea any one could consider him remarkable or clever. I fancy if he were not the owner of all this land, he would not be much thought of, he is so like anybody else."

Georgiana smiled.

"I see we shall not agree about people," she said, "but probably when you have been a little longer in England you will think as we do. I confess that I like a person to be like other people, and not to do any thing eccentric or original. Mamma always says this is bad tone; it does for geniuses and those kind of people who almost always rise from the ranks, and like to be conspicuous, and have to work for their bread; but I assure you any thing original or indifferent to society in general is considered ill-bred; in England one has to be guided so much by what other people do, and say, and think; it is the only safe rule."

"Yes"—Lina's sweet, lipping voice came like a faint echo—"I believe there is nothing gentlemen dislike so much as a girl who thinks for herself."

I could hardly help laughing.

"Well," I said, "I suppose there is the same safe rule everywhere; only unless there were sometimes these original people, I think the world would grow dull. Where shall we go for a walk? It is almost all new to me."

They took me through the village, past the turning to the Cleve, past some wooden cottages with broken steps leading up to the porches; over one of these porches a honeysuckle, still in blossom, straggled; the door was open, it led direct into the room, and I could not help looking in as we passed by. The open fireplace had a short, pink-checked curtain hanging from the mantel-shelf, and two benches on each side of the fireless hearth; but my eyes fastened on the window, which framed in an exquisite landscape of many-colored hills behind its row of scarlet geraniums and fuchsias.

"How fond your cottagers seem of flowers!" I said; "I see them everywhere."

"Yes"—Georgiana holds her head so very stiffly when she speaks—"but you only see common flowers down here; at Exeter, now, or in London, you see flowers really worth looking at—orchids and that kind of things."

"I love all flowers," I say, enthusiastically. We are past the cottages and beside the brook again which has threaded its way upward, or, I suppose, downward, and borders

the side of the road hedged in by sedges; in and out of these, tiny, active fish are darting merrily, chasing one another, and sometimes leaping up in pursuit of some rash fly buzzing too thirstily near. Among the sedges a little blue flower has wreathed itself. I am just going to point out the exquisite contrast it makes among the tender green of the flags, but I remember Georgiana's admonitions, and point to the fish instead.

"I suppose they are good to eat?"

"Oh, yes, delicious; I wonder"—Lina speaks mischievously—"you have not had some sent you from the park; we get baskets from Mr. Newton."

But I am resolved not to disagree with my new companions any more; and very soon they are telling me all about Switzerland and their adventures; these last they evidently consider more interesting than any of the places they have visited; in fact, it appears to me that the number of fresh acquaintances made in the course of their tour is the chief point of interest in their journey.

We walk on, talking, till I find they have brought me home by a new way, which leads to our house without passing through the village again, still following the winding in-and-out curves of the brook.

"If you will wait for me," Georgiana says, "I have a message to leave here."

"Do you visit any of these cottages?" I asked Lina.

"Oh, yes; there are some dear old women here, and we teach in the school; perhaps you would like to teach, too?"

"No, thank you."

I felt shy, and awed, and ashamed; I began to think I had been harsh in thinking these girls silly; they knew more than I did if they knew how to talk to people in cottages, and teach school-children. "I am afraid I should only be shy with the first, and teach the last to get into mischief."

While we stood waiting, we saw Mrs. Tracey coming to meet us.

"I hope you have had a pleasant walk?"

Mrs. Tracey (though she has two grown-up daughters) is still a very pretty woman when she smiles, but I feel constrained by her manner; she is too courteous, too much pleased with me. I am afraid I am not amiable. I shall ask Angélique what she thinks of Mrs. Tracey. I respect Angélique's opinion because she never speaks ill of any one.

I said "Good-by" to my new friends, but I did not go in-doors at once; they had left me at the corner of the lane leading to the farm-house, and I stood there—I was thinking so much of our talk.

When I lived at home I used sometimes to hear it said that fashion and position are necessities of life. I believe if Captain Brand had been in the navy, or accustomed to society, and moving among fashionable people, I should have tried to think of him as my husband. I mean, of course, before I saw Eugène; now, all that is over. I ask myself what has come to me. I receive Mr. Donald as an equal. I even look up to him, and think him much more cultivated than Frank Newton, and in this last visit I have not felt that Captain Brand is my inferior, I think of him as my friend. What has caused this? it

is not Madame La Peyre, she is an old aristocrat, I can see. She, I am sure, prefers Mr. Newton to Mr. Donald. Is it that, since I have been tossed about in the world, I have coarsened? or is it this marriage which has made me less refined already?

My cheeks grow hot; I feel the tips of my ears burn; then actually I have felt contradictory with these girls, Georgiana and Lina, because they are more feminine, more really womanly than I am; and yet—no, conventionality is not, surely, real propriety; it cannot be right to look down on such a man as Mr. Donald, or to think of him as an inferior. Oh, what a puzzle life is, and whom have I to guide me? No one I can lean on or trust.

I look toward the house.

Angélique is standing in the yard with a troop of half-grown chickens round her feet. Near her head, almost as if they meant to flutter on her shoulder, some white pigeons flit about. I have noticed, before this, how all the mute creatures, as well as the little children, love Angélique; perhaps her look of serene content wins them. I have never seen her laugh, but she almost always smiles. She looks most serious, I fancy, as she passes the door of Mrs. Dayrell's room, then a shadow falls across the calm sweetness of her face, and yet I think Angélique likes the poor, haughty woman. I suppose I must go and see Mrs. Dayrell, now Captain Brand has gone.

PARALLELS.

OH, how still the river is,
Underneath the brooding sky!

Not a breeze its calm to kiss;

Every wing that loiters by

Shows so plain upon its face,

That the over-cautious gull

Wheels, and darts away apace,

Till he gains yon broken hull

Lying at the water's edge,

Where the sound and river meet.

Perched upon a mouldering ledge,

While he hears the drowsy beat

Of the slow incoming tide,

Lapsing shoreward lazily,

He is better satisfied

Than if he his wings could see!

Oh, how still the river is!

Every little lazy boat

Hath forgotten, long ere this,

How to sail and how to float;

On the water's smoothness drawn

Clearly, many a picture lies;

And how strange beneath the morn

These inverted trees and skies!

Of the river dreams the sky;

Of the sky the river dreams!

As a blue, unconscious eye,

Half unlifted, vaguely gleams,

So the blue gleams through the gray

Of the soft veil overhead.

What shall we on such a day

Say—or, wiser, leave unsaid!

Oh, how still the river is!

Only yesterday its breast

Told us something was amiss,

And it would not be caroused

Of the shadows nor the skies;
Broken all its surface was!
Stormy even as your eyes:
Waves and eyes are better thus.

Oh, how still the river is!
In your eyes myself I see,
As I see your face in this,
As your heart but mirrors me!
Yesterday, nor eyes nor heart,
Like the changeful river-wave,
Would not play the mirror's part,
Nor return me what I gave.

Oh, how still the river is!
Yesterday I could not trace
Yonder turret's shape in this,
Nor the love-light on your face;
Yet I know the faithful skies
Still bent o'er the faithless wave.
What! this shower from your eyes?
Give me back the kiss I gave!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

MISCELLANY.

MINOR ORIGINAL ARTICLES, TRANSLATIONS, AND SELECTIONS.

HUMORS AND CURIOSITIES OF ADVERTISING.

AN advertisement is almost of necessity a prosaic affair. Like a sign-board its legitimate purpose is to call attention to the shop of Brown, or the office of Green, and any departure from the prescribed form endangers the dignity of its author. Partly from common consent, and partly because few people have the wit to write a really entertaining advertisement, most business notices are remarkable for nothing, from a literary point of view, except respectable dullness. A small minority of advertisers have a happy way of calling attention to themselves, or their wares, which is in quite pleasing contrast to the average efforts of their brethren, but from the immense difficulty of combining the graces of literature and the realities of business, we are indebted for most of the humors of advertising to those unfortunates who are unintentionally funny, or to a class willing to don the cap and bells for the sake of profit.

Ambiguity of expression, and a neglect of punctuation-marks, often lead to very funny results in advertisements, as elsewhere. Most of our readers will remember the following famous announcement, made some years since in an English paper: "To be sold, an Erard grand-piano, the property of a lady, about to travel in a walnut case with carved legs." Many companion-pieces have since been added to the foregoing. In looking over a collection of similar paragraphs, we find that a lady wishes to obtain a husband "with a Roman nose having strong religious tendencies;" "a young man is wanted to look after a horse of the Methodist persuasion;" and a chemist gives notice that "the gentleman who left his stomach for analysis will please call and get it, together with the result." A paper printed not a thousand miles from Dublin, contains the following: "Lost, a cameo brooch representing Venus and Adonis on the Drumcondra road, about ten o'clock on Tuesday evening." And in the same region another advertiser tells us that, "having made an advantageous purchase," he offers for sale on very low terms, "about six dozen of prime port wine, lately the property of a gentleman forty years of age, full in the body, and with a high bouquet." We might judge that it was a near

relative of the author of this notice, who offers for sale, cheap, "a mail phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a movable head as good as new." To return to our own country, a New-York State editor gives notice that "yearly advertisers will be charged extra for dissolution;" and a St. Louis man is cruel enough to want "a good girl to cook; one who will make a good roast or broil, and will stew well." Almost as barbarous as the foregoing advertiser, is a farmer near Fulton, New York, who posted this notice in his field: "If any man's or woman's cows or oxen gits in these oats, his or her head will be cut off, as the case may be."

Mr. Brown takes advantage of the peculiarities of such notices as the foregoing, to get up one almost equally sure to command attention:

"KEEPS a MAN.—A. P. Brown keeps him to repair gentlemen's clothes; to clean and press them (not the men, the clothes)."

Among personal advertisements one occasionally finds an enjoyable morsel. Here is one that readily discovers the nationality of its author:

"Whereas Patrick Malony has fraudulently taken away several articles of wearing apparel without my knowledge, this is therefore to inform him, that if he does not forthwith return the same, his name will be made public."

As a free and forcible expression of what should be private opinions, the following is a rare specimen:

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Whereas Parmelia B—a resident of Blank did promise to marry me on the 19th instant, but instead of doing so did flunk and run off, I brand her as a liar, and a person of bad character generally."

Of advertisements which are exceptionally interesting, rather on account of their subject-matter, than from any oddities of style, the matrimonial class takes precedence. Unless the fact had been abundantly proved by actual experiment, it would seem incredible that there should be enough silly people in the world to support a weekly periodical devoted solely to a traffic in life-partners. But there are more than enough. England has a flourishing journal in which between three and four hundred people per week make known their matrimonial wishes to the public; and a like paper has been established in this country. Matrimonial advertisements are common in nearly all civilized countries.

It is not our purpose to moralize on this silly, not to say disgusting practice, but simply to reproduce a few of the more remarkable of the notices which have appeared in the English journal just referred to. Here is one indicating a taste so unusual that we are led to suspect the good faith of its author:

"TO UGLY GENTLEMEN.—Magdalena, aged twenty-eight, of prepossessing appearance, and loving, confiding disposition, wishes for a husband described as above. Must be interesting and refined. No cold-hearted gentleman need apply, whatever may be his position or fortune."

Can it be possible that any woman should deliberately set about finding an ugly mate? But who knows? Tastes as strange as that prevail, or we should not have the paper in which Magdalena expresses her peculiar preference.

Here is a notice conspicuous for the extreme readiness with which the writer offers herself, and for the extraordinary announcement that she will become possessed of certain earthly goods just at a time when they cannot possibly be of any use to her:

"MAUD, an only child, offers to any gentleman, with a view to matrimony, a loving, pure heart, a sweet and happy temper; she has fair hair, blue, laughing eyes, is twenty-three years of age, well connected and educated; will have property at death."

The two following command attention on account of the alleged position of the parties whom they are intended to benefit. The latter one is especially noticeable for its elaborate statement of the facts in the case:

"The heir of an old county family (eight hundred years old, royal Norman descent), aged twenty-two, five feet nine inches, dark, very handsome eyes, a poet, highly talented, passionately fond of science and the fine arts, and of beauty in every shape, intends soon to enter Parliament. Would any lady correspond? not over twenty-five, of good family, handsome, and with not less than £500 a year."

"MARRIAGE.—A nobleman of English birth and ancient Irish lineage, between fifty-nine and sixty years of age, of good personal appearance, kind, amiable disposition, and sound health (ten years a widower), is anxious to contract marriage with a lady of about forty, or younger, if offered (noble birth not essential). He has an estate of upward of £4,000 a year, but requires £20,000 to pay off old family incumbrances (a larger sum would be more acceptable if the lady possessed it), and leave his estate free. This advertisement is real, *bona fide*, and ought to be important to any amiable lady desirous to marry a worthy, kind-hearted nobleman, who would make her happy. He has power to settle £1,000 a year on her for life. His lordship is entirely unaware of the publication of this advertisement, which is the act of a sincere old friend and well-wisher, who knows his wishes on the subject, and all his circumstances."

Some years since a German gentleman made a collection of four hundred matrimonial offers from the leading Berlin papers, classifying them under several heads, and making them yield some curious information. From this summary we learn that "the male advertisers stand to the female in the proportion of three to one, and that while fifty-six per cent. of the gentlemen insist upon the requisites of youth and beauty, eighty-one per cent. of the ladies allow the utmost latitude in this respect to intending suitors, and six per cent. only make youth an indispensable condition. The ladies, on the other hand, in choosing a partner for life, are very particular about 'intelligence' and 'conformity of religious principles.' Under the category of professions, we find that the male advertisers, by a large majority, describe themselves as merchants, bankers, and manufacturers, titles which are undoubtedly used with great latitude. One point more is worth notice. The ladies in all countries are fond of descending on the 'selfishness' and 'heartlessness' of the other sex, as shown in its preference for hard cash to all the seductions of beauty, wit, and education. And of this state of feeling we have eloquent proof in the fact that forty-one per cent. of the matrimonially-disposed ladies of Berlin are careful to draw attention to the amount of this world's goods at their disposal, whereas only seven per cent. of the men think it necessary to volunteer any particulars upon this head."

People with ill-shaped noses may find comfort in the following:

"NOSE-MACHINE.—This is a successful contrivance, which, applied to the nose for an hour daily, so directs the soft cartilage of which the member consists, that an ill-formed nose is quickly shaped to perfection. 10s. 6d., sent free."

Rather an odd sort of exchange is asked for in the following, from a recent Philadelphia paper:

"WANTED.—To trade a vault in Monument Cemetery for a piano. Apply," etc.

As our readers well know, a favorite style of composition with many advertisers is the "reading notice," which, commencing with an item of general interest, beguiles the unwary into getting other information not always as welcome. One can readily forgive such deceptions, however, when they are as ingenious as the one below:

"The introduction of a Hottentot into one's household may seem a startling proposition. We do not refer to the biped from the Cape, however, nor could we commend him in any capacity. But for making a fire quickly and surely, on a cold, damp morning, we have nothing but praise for a prepared block, called the 'Hottentot,' which can be lighted with a match, and will burn intensely for thirty minutes."

During our late civil war, the loyal inhabitants of New-York City were, one morning, quite taken aback by the announcement posted all about town, that a certain citizen would "pay cash for Confederate Bonds." The "aid and comfort" feature disappeared, however, when it became known that the gentleman aforesaid was a dealer in waste paper, and only proposed to buy these securities at so much per pound.

It is not an uncommon thing for advertisers to attempt poetry. As we all know, such effusions are generally miserable failures; but occasionally one appears which is worthy of notice. The "cure-all" vender was something of a wit, as well as a rhymester, who wrote:

"The mill of the gods grinds slowly,
But it grinds exceedingly small;
I'm bound to sell my liniment,
For twenty cents—bottle and all."

Still more ingenious, though perhaps less elegant in diction, is the soap-man who presses the pagan divinities into service in blazoning the value of his merchandise:

"Mars summoned Mercury one eve,
Ere he to visit Venus went,
And bade him fair Olympus leave
For a far-distant continent.
'Go,' said the god, 'to Manayunk,
And thence to Philadelphia fly:
Get me of Crystal Soap a chunk—
They say it's 'just the thing for high.'
Beauty this night to me must yield—
I want the soap to scrub my shield."

What airy lightness and execrating travesty we have in the two following:

"Oh, come into the garden, Maud,
And sit beneath the rose,
And see me prance around the beds,
Dressed in my Sunday clothes.

"Oh, come and bring your uncles, Maud,
Your sisters and your aunts,
And tell them Johnson made my coat,
My waistcoat and my pants."

"Gaily young Ferguson,
Bought his cigar—
Bought it at Mulligan's,
Where the best are.

"When he wants fine-cut, or
Snuff for his nose,
Gaily young Ferguson
Purchases those."

We must close our quotations of poetical advertisements with one of a more sedate style than the preceding. Immediately after the first Atlantic cable had proved a failure, a certain clothing-house, noted for its oddities in advertising, wrote the following:

"WHAT THE OLD SAWFISH SAW.

"There was an old sawfish down in the sea,
And he was as queer as a fish could be.
A fish of rather remarkable strength;
Some eighteen or twenty feet in length.

At the end of his nose, on his upper jaw,
He carried a terribly powerful saw.
He lived far down in the briny deep,
Where the lobsters play and the dolphins leap.

"It came to pass on a recent day,
That the Telegraph cable was dropped that way;
'Ho, ho,' said he, with a fishy laugh,
'I see the Atlantic Telegraph:
It isn't certainly clear to me
What its effect on the fishes may be;
But whether it's evil or whether it's good
It shan't pass through this neighborhood:
Evil or good, I know what I'll do,
I'll get at the thing and saw it through.'

"So he sawed it through with his terrible saw,
Which he carried about on his upper jaw;
And just about that time of day
The signals ceased at Valencia Bay.
And what was the reason no one knew
Save the sawfish who sawed the cable through.
For further information call
At the famous clothing-store Brown-Stone Hall.

"The above is the only reliable account yet furnished to the public, of the reason why the cable parted. For reliable clothing, warranted not to snap, part, or break asunder, the people go to," etc.—J. H. S.

THE IRISH BRIGADE.

THE story of the Irish Brigade is one of the most interesting episodes in the history of the Irish people. Their ardent military spirit, which was one of the results of their Celtic origin, had been wasted through many centuries, in savage feuds among themselves, or in fruitless resistance to their invaders—and when at length it had become disciplined, under Sarsfield and St. Ruth, and acquired a force which might have yielded England the greatest service in her ensuing wars, it was lost to her through the intolerance which proscribed the religion of a nation.

The laws of the period, which forbade Catholics to bear arms under the British crown, blindly renounced all the advantages to be derived from their devotion, and compelled the army of James II., when disbanded at the Peace of Limerick, to pass over to the Continent, and enroll under its various monarchs. Almost every throne of Europe profited by the bold hearts and stalwart frames of the buoyant sons of the Emerald Isle, except only the one that still nominally claimed their allegiance while repudiating their services. It was in France, however, that James's army was found principally to reassemble—owing, probably, to the greater sympathy of the Hibernian and the Celtic temperaments—and there formed themselves into a body, which soon became distinguished under its title of the "Irish Brigade."

These gallant emigrants, who left behind them all their social and domestic ties, carried abroad, with their untarnished honor and their indomitable courage, all their unconquerable gayety and their undying love for their native country. Almost as deep, however, perhaps was their love for their native music. So strong was it, indeed, that they refused to march to the French tunes, and on all military occasions insisted on the use of their national airs—a gratification that was conceded to them, though the same favor was denied to the Swiss. For this, however, there was a reason. The music of the "Ranz des Vaches" awoke in the breast of the latter such a passionate longing for home, that it often led to desertion; while in the poor Irishman, whose home was lost to him, no such danger was to be feared.

During the course of almost a century the Brigade was enrolled in the French army, and had an honorable share in all the latter's brightest achievements in Flanders, Spain, and Italy. Many instances of its stanch fidelity and its daring, decisive courage might be quoted from the military records of those days; but one especially may be selected, which, in its singular combination of the heroic and the grotesque, must be regarded as very national:

Cremona, besieged by Prince Eugène, and defended by the French, was surprised one morning before dawn, and would inevitably have been lost but for the promptitude of the Irish. While the punctilious and ornate Frenchmen were deliberately buttoning up their regimentals, the former, at the sound of their trumpets, jumped out of bed, and, simply staying to buckle on their cross-belts and cartouch boxes, seized their guns and hurried to the square, where, on forming in fighting order, their commander's words, "Halt!—dress!" were, at least in one respect, superfluous. Their indifference to appearances on this occasion was all the greater that the period was midwinter, and the city was near the Alps. In this condition they were charged by the Austrian cuirassiers. It was steel-coats against night-shirts; but the linen trade of Ireland proved the more formidable of the two. The Austrians were driven back, and the French had time to form and recover possession of the town. For this brilliant service the Brigade was honored with the emphatic thanks of Louis XIV., and also had their pay increased.

But these fearless fellows, as may be supposed, carried abroad to their new service not only their courage and fidelity, but all their exuberance as Irishmen. Their rollicking spirit and love of fun were quite as great as their love of fighting, and at times were so opposed to propriety and discipline, that the martinets of the French ranks had to make formal complaints on the matter. It was on one such occasion that a great compliment was paid them by the brave Duke of Berwick, who, however, had good reason to love them for their devotion to his father.

"Marshal," said the king to him, "this Irish Brigade gives me more trouble than all my army put together."

"Please your majesty," replied the duke, "your enemies make just the same complaint of them!"

The idol of the Brigade was the celebrated Marshal Saxe, whose great bravery, in union with his jovial, mirthful temperament, gave him a character that was so engaging and so kindred to their own. It was in reference to him originated one of the blunders of poor Pat that has so often been repeated and localized everywhere. The marshal was wounded in some engagement, and, moreover, it was reported—in his back. None of the Brigade, however, would believe it.

"When did he ever show his back to them?" was the general exclamation. "Wasn't it his face they knew the most of, and wasn't it their backs that he knew best?"

At last a solution of the mystery was hit upon:

"He was pursuing 'em, you see, and, just to make the villains think that, on the contrary, he was retreating, he buttoned his coat behind him!"

Of the anecdotes and jokes told of the Brigade during their extended foreign service—proofs of a humor and light-heartedness which exile even could not subdue—the number is, indeed, legion. Gallic vanity forced them often into the attitude of censors, and several of their repartees are excellent, and as full of sense as they were of pleasantry. Among the mass of these is one that has been often referred to other sources—when a Frenchman, claiming for his country the invention of all the elegances, named, among other things, a ruffle; and Pat answered:

"We improved on it—we put to it a shirt."

In the same spirit, but less known, was his retort upon a shopkeeper in some petty town where he was quartered. The place had rather a pretentious gate, and the grocer,

dilating on its grandeur, and asking what the Irish would say if they possessed it.

"Faith, they'd say," was his reply, "we'll kape the big gate shut, or the dirty little town will be after running out of it."

The sarcasm, however, was deeper and more essentially Hibernian when, on his going somewhere to dine, after hearing great praises of French cookery, he saw a pot of soup brought in with a bit of meat floating on the top of it—upon which he pulled off his coat, and, being asked why he did so, said:

"Sure I am going to have a swim for that little bit of mate there."

Among the adventures recorded of the Brigade, one of the most amusing was an occurrence in the time of the Regent Orleans, in honor of whose birthday a grand masquerade was given in Paris. It was a high-class affair; tickets were a double louis d'or each; all the rank and beauty of Paris were assembled round the regent, and a costly and luxurious supper crowned the attractions of the night. While the entertainment was proceeding, one of the prince's suite approached and whispered to him:

"It is worth your royal highness's while to step into the supper-rooms; there is a yellow domino there, who is the most extraordinary cormorant ever witnessed; he is a prodigy, your highness—he never stops eating and drinking; and the attendants say, moreover, that he has not done so for some hours."

His royal highness went accordingly; and sure enough there was the yellow domino, laying about him as described, and swallowing every thing as ravenously as if he had only just begun. Raised pies fell before him like garden-palings before a field-piece; pheasants and quails seemed to fly down his throat in a little covey; the wine he drank threatened a scarcity, whatever might be the next vintage.

After watching him for some time, the duke acknowledged he was a wonder, and laughingly left the room; but shortly afterward, on passing through another, he saw the yellow domino again, and as actively at work as ever, devastating the dishes everywhere, and emptying the champagne-bottles as rapidly as they were brought to him. Perfectly amazed, the duke at last could not restrain his curiosity.

"Who," he asked, "is that insatiate ogre that threatens such annihilation to all the labors of our cooks?"

Accordingly, one of the suite was dispatched to him.

"His royal highness the Duke of Orleans desires the yellow domino to unmask."

But the domino begged to be excused, pleading the privilege of masquerade.

"There is a higher law," replied the officer; "the royal order must be obeyed."

"Well, then," answered the incognito, "if it must be so, it must;" and, unmasking, exhibited the ruddy visage of an Irish trooper.

"Why, in the name of Polyphemus!" exclaimed the regent, as he advanced to him; "who and what are you? I have seen you eat and drink enough for a dozen men at least, and yet you seem as empty as ever."

"Well, then," said the trooper, "since the saycret must come out, please, your royal highness, I am one of Clares's Horse—that's the guard-of-honor to-night—and when our men were ordered out, we clubbed our money to buy a ticket, and agreed to take our turn at the supper-table, turn and turn about."

"What!" exclaimed the duke, "the whole troop coming to supper?"

"Oh, it's asy, please your highness; sure one domino would do for all of us—if ache tuk it in turn. I'm only the eighteenth man, and there's twelve more of us to come."

The loud laughter of the jovial duke, probably the heartiest he had had for a long time, was the response to this explanation, followed by a louis d'or to the dragoon, and a promise to keep his "saycret" till the entire troop had supped.

The career of the Irish Brigade closed with the approach of the French Revolution—and fortunately for them, no doubt; since, had they remained in France, there is little question they would have maintained their loyalty, and been massacred like the Swiss.—"*Life of Samuel Lover*" (London, 1874).

JOHN WILKES.*

His personal appearance was not prepossessing; his complexion was sallow, and he squinted. Though not a brilliant orator, yet in conversation he excelled. Dr. Johnson, who detested his principles, was charmed with his wit. When, after some reluctance on Johnson's part, the pair were brought together through Boswell's intervention, the former gave expression to his opinion in these words: "Jack has a great variety of talk, Jack is a scholar, and Jack has the manners of a gentleman." George III., when his hatred of Wilkes was most intense, and when he dreaded to have a personal interview with him, was constrained to admit, after having received him at the head of a deputation from the city, that no one, in a similar situation, had conducted himself with more propriety; "he had never seen so well-bred a lord-mayor." Charles Butler and Gibbon both record the pleasure they took in his company. Mr. Almon, who knew him intimately, and who shows no undue desire to extenuate his faults, sums up his character of him in these words: "His social qualities will live in the esteem of every one who knew him. An uncommon share of wit, an easy and happy flow of language, and a strong memory, all contributed to make his society a truly elegant and classic entertainment to his friends."

By many writers of eminence, Wilkes is never mentioned except in language of the vilest obloquy. Lord Brougham judged him from Hogarth's caricature, and wrote about his "inhuman squint and demoniac grin." Nothing that was done to injure him has had more effect than the sketch of Hogarth; men look at the sketch, and unhesitatingly pronounce the subject of it a villain. Wilkes, who had been the friend and was the warm admirer of the artist, justly said that such a pencil as Hogarth's should "speak to all ages and to all nations," and not "be dipped in the dirt of a faction of a day." Moreover, he displayed at once good-nature and good sense by writing as follows with regard to this pictorial attempt to vilify him: "It must be allowed to be an excellent compound caricature, or, rather, a caricature of what Nature had already caricatured. I know but one apology to be made for this gentleman, or, to speak more properly, for the person of Mr. Wilkes; it is, that he did not make himself, and that he never was solicitous about the case of his soul (as Shakespeare calls it), only so far as to keep it clean and in health. I never heard that he once hung over the glassy stream, like another Narcissus, admiring the image in it, nor that he ever stole an amorous look at his counterfeit in a side mirror. His form, such as it is, ought to give him no pain, while it is capable of giving so much pleasure to others. I believe that he finds himself tolerably happy in the clay cottage to which he is tenant for life, because he had learned to keep it in pretty good order, while the share of health and animal spirits which Heaven has given him

should hold out. I can scarcely imagine he will be one moment peevish about the outside of so precarious, so temporary a habitation; or will ever be brought to own *ingenium Galba male habitat—Monsieur est mal logé.*"

Earl Russell, a less impulsive writer, and a much sounder critic, than Brougham, has said: "No man can now consider Wilkes as any thing but a profligate spendthrift, without opinions or principles, religious or political; whose impudence far exceeded his talents, and who always meant license when he cried liberty." It is possible that Wilkes was a hypocrite from first to last, just as it is possible that every man is a liar at heart. But to affirm this, as Earl Russell does, is not enough. Evidence of some value should be adduced to support the charge that the great agitator of the eighteenth century was in every respect unprincipled, and in every particular an impostor. Taking his private utterances as fairer tests of his real opinions than any public declarations, the result is the reverse of unfavorable to him.

To pronounce a panegyric upon Wilkes because others have reviled him, would be a piece of absurdity not unprecedented, yet utterly inexcusable. He was neither a perfect man nor a perfect monster. In his life, which was not that of an ascetic, and in his actions, which were not always defensible, he was but a type of the society wherein he moved, and a natural product of the age in which he lived. One of his misfortunes was to be frequently in debt; in this matter, however, he erred no more grievously than great statesmen whom we delight to honor—Chatham and William Pitt, Edmund Burke and Charles James Fox. Another shortcoming was proneness to free talk and loose living; in this, too, he was no worse than Sir Robert Walpole and Henry Fox, Lord Chesterfield and Lord Sandwich, Lord-Chancellor Northington and Lord-Chancellor Thurlow, while he was a pattern of purity compared with that polished gentleman, George, Prince of Wales. Gibbon, who, in his autobiography, reprehends the tendency of Wilkes to unclean speech, has demonstrated, by many an allusion and many a foot-note in his great history, that his own mind dwelt frequently on impure and unsavory topics. Lord March, who exerted himself to obtain a proof-sheet of the "Essay on Woman," in order that he might curry favor with the court and the government by furnishing a plausible pretext for prosecuting Wilkes as the printer and publisher, was himself the most systematic corruptor of female innocence, and the most thorough-paced rascal of the century.

The personal shortcomings of Wilkes were perfectly well known to his contemporaries, yet they availed nothing in lessening his popularity among the great bulk of the people. Some persons, indeed, tried to disparage him by contrasting his private life with his public professions. The reply made at the time by Junius was accepted by all sensible men as conclusive, nor has its force and appositeness been weakened by time: "It is not necessary to exact from Mr. Wilkes the virtues of a stoic. They were inconsistent with themselves, who, almost at the same moment, represented him as the basest of mankind, yet seemed to expect from him such instances of fortitude and self-denial as would do honor to an apostle. It is not, however, flattery to say that he is obstinate, intrepid, and fertile in expedients. That he has no possible resource but in the public favor, is, in my judgment, a considerable recommendation of him. I wish that every man who pretended to popularity were in the same predicament. I wish that a retreat to St. James's were not so easy and open as patriots have found it."

Those who deny that he performed any service for which his country ought to be grateful, and those who eulogize him as a

* "Wilkes, Sheridan, Fox; the Opposition under George III.," by W. F. Rae. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1874.

patriot of the purest water, equally misapprehend his real position and misconstrue his actual achievements. That a man of the most despicable and abandoned character should for many years have waged a bitter and, in the end, a triumphant contest with the court, with successive ministries, and with the legislature, simply to gratify his personal malice and to gain a purely personal victory, is absurd and preposterous. A modern Jack Cade may deliver many silly and illogical speeches and do some violent and stupid things, but his career will necessarily be brief and his cause abortive. A mere agitator like Horne Tooke or Tom Paine can easily produce a temporary excitement in the public mind, and a momentary annoyance in ministerial circles. Yet, in this country, the utmost power of a demagogue is but a figment, should it solely depend upon individual prepossessions and personal antipathies.—Had the aim of Wilkes been to make a position for himself by writing and speaking against the Government, and to make money out of sham patriotism, he would have been the scandalous hero of the hour, a Dyson or a Rigby, a Barrington or a Dundas, but would never have risen to be the leader of a strong party, and the most useful man in the kingdom. Personally he was subordinate to his cause. The cause of which he became the champion was really that of the nation. He might never have filled a niche in history, if George III. had chosen to rule in the true spirit of the Constitution, and if the Earl of Bute and Lord North had been in policy and at heart constitutional ministers. . . .

His contemporaries, although they differed as to the value of his services, yet concurred in allowing him to have no living superior as a wit. One of them tells us: "He abounded in anecdote; wit was so constantly at his command that wagers have been gained, that, from the time he quitted his home near Stoney's Gate, till he reached Guildhall, no one would address him, who would leave him without a smile or a hearty laugh." He was endowed with a gift which is so un-English that an exact equivalent for it does not exist in our language, which the French call *esprit*, and of which the English representative is what the vulgar call chaff, which is *esprit* in the rough.

Pages might be filled with the clever sayings attributed to Wilkes, and pages of discussion would be necessary to settle their authenticity. Many things which were palpable hits and excellent jokes a century ago, appear pointless and silly now. Yet it can be imagined that at a city banquet, where a little wit goes a very long way, the remark which set his hearers in a roar would not fail of success if repeated again. Mr. Alderman Burnell, who had begun life as a bricklayer, having a soft pudding to help, and doing it clumsily with a spoon, Wilkes advised him "to take a trowel to it." In a chop-house, a rude-mannered customer annoyed the other customers by impatiently shouting for his steak; Wilkes observed, on its being set before him, "Usually the bear is brought to the stake, here the steak is brought to the bear." Hearing Lord Thurlow, who was then suspected of faithlessness to the king, exclaim in the House of Lords, "When I forget my king, may my God forget me!" Pitt remarked, "Oh, the rascal!" Burke said, "The best thing that can happen to you;" while Wilkes's comment was, "He'll see you d——d first!" Lord Eldon, recording that the respectable Company of Merchant Tailors had honored him with the freedom of their company, adds, "Their motto is, '*Concordia parva res crescit*.' That wicked wag, John Wilkes, construed these words thus: 'Nine tailors make a man.'" In a letter to his daughter, Wilkes gives, as an example of wit, as neat a saying as any of those attributed to him. Mr. Con-

way, looking at a furnished house to be let, "saw a pretty servant-maid, whom he asked if she was to be let too, as well as the house. She answered, 'No, sir, I am to be let alone.'" His reputation as a wit was not confined to one language, or to this country. In France he was numbered among sayers of good things at a time when to make a clever epigram was to achieve fame. Some of his sayings in French are repeated and admired to this day.

LIFE IN SUMATRA.

THIS plantation-life of Sumatra contained a combination of the wildest incongruities imaginable. The place (I cannot say the house we lived in, for it was, in truth, nothing more than a very large barn or stable) was thatched with *ataps* upon unhewn rafters, without any ceiling. On either side were stalls partitioned off, something higher than a man's head, which we regarded as our bedrooms; and in mine I had a pink-and-gold French bedstead, elaborately flounced and curtained in lace, with the finest linen sheets and pillow-cases to match; and, once inside this nest, I could imagine myself in Paris. The flooring was of a species of teak, which had taken a high polish, like oak, from the constant treading of the bare feet of the servants and natives. Windows we had none, Venetian shutters serving all needs for keeping out the rain; and the wooden rails, to prevent our falling through the wide apertures, reminded one of a manger. In the centre were the drawing and dining rooms, all in a piece, which in a barn would have been the thrashing-floor; and at the open end might usually be seen seated the ladies of the family—notably, a pretty Javanese demoiselle embroidering caps, satchels, and cigar-cases for her numerous admirers, for she was a tiny, coquettish creature, with mischievous gray eyes, mellowed into tender light by long, dark fringes; she was the belle of Sumatra, and would have been a gem anywhere.

At the other and closed end of the apartment, rather dim from lack of windows, was the dining-room, or, I should say, the dining-table—a mighty slab cut from a single tree—at which we could easily dine twelve persons, covered by a fine damask table-cloth, the remains of official state in the court of the Netherlands, for our host was a Dutch nobleman. Here we feasted somewhat sumptuously (being served upon rich, old-fashioned plate) upon fish, game, fowl, Dutch condiments of every variety, Java curries, and wine from all the ends of the earth, and of course excellent Java coffee.

We were attended upon by a retinue of Javanese and Malays, the former wearing white trousers, with the red *sarong* twisted round their middles, blue jackets, and yellow kerchiefs round the head, tied with the ends drooping on one side, or sticking up so as to resemble feathers, and their brown feet bare—rendering the whole scene wildly picturesque. The bamboo chairs, which were of Chinese make, had to be covered with the hide of some wild animal, to prevent the mosquitoes, and a swarm of such like insects, from dining off us while we did justice to the good fare, for the Dutch have an objection to the *punku*, which alone in the East gives peace at meal-times.

Beetles of every form, hue, and size, invaded us in troops, but flew off, beyond the reach of our fans and missiles, into the top of the hay-loft or rafters. Myriads of stumpy grasshoppers, of a transparent green, like emerald dissolved in dew, jumped round the Parian lamp; beasts, all legs, or with invisible bodies, stalked about the vacant spaces of the table-cloth; creatures, with immense gossamer wings and ruby-scintillating bosoms,

fluttered around the very morsel of fruit being conveyed to the lips; and a flying squadron of cockchafer rushed across the table, bounding into one's lap; enormous moths, as big as swallows, flapped languidly about in the loft, or leisurely descended to inspect articles on the table, or to ascertain what was the matter, when some elephant-beetle had floundered into one's wine, causing a vast spluttering and commotion. Altogether, we had a lively time of it.

The structure was elevated about thirty feet, on pegs; by pegs, I mean bamboo-sticks, very slender in proportion to the bulk they sustained, not guitar-pegs, or clothes-pegs, or cribbage-pegs, or the drinks I have heard men call "pegs," or the old-fashioned implements for washing clothes, called "peggy's." There are moral pegs, too; the pegs too high, and the pegs too low, with the disagreeable process of being taken down "a peg or two;" in fact, the English language is detestable to write, as there are a dozen meanings to the same word. But upon bamboo stilts stood our domicile, often swaying and oscillating as under a San Francisco earthquake. The elevation was necessary on account of the damp during the rainy season, and as a safeguard against the tigers at all times.

Through the apertures or manglers we could see the virgin forest closing round us, the distant line of mountains to the west, and hear the tigers, too, not quite so distant as we could have wished them.

The principal adornment of the drawing-room was a splendid grand-piano, on which the Juna-like mistress of the mansion performed Beethoven's sonatas and Mendelssohn's pathetic music. She was a large, stately woman, to whom quick movements were unknown. She had large, soft, white hands and feet, *sans bas*, wore the Javanese slippers, which, as they have only toes and no heels, display a pretty, white foot to advantage, besides being the greatest luxury one can have in this warm climate. She had also a large, soft, white face, which expressed gentleness, talent, and helplessness. She had nine white lapdogs, which fringed the hem of her garment when she moved, and settled upon it when she sat down, and which barked in chorus when any one entered the barn, no matter whether friend or foe, but immediately became reconciled, and welcomed the stranger by jumping upon him in every direction, and inundating him with fleas.—*Countess Avonmore's "Travels around the World."*

LOVER AND PAGANINI.

LOVER's miniature of Paganini stands out beyond all question as his finest work of art. It is that which exhibits him in the perfection of his latter and higher style; in the force and balance of those graver and more substantial characteristics, that had gradually enlarged and dignified his early florid manner. It was also, for the period, a miniature of an unusual size, measuring six and a half inches by six, having been painted on two pieces of ivory, the junction of which was cleverly effected at the edge of the painted table. Of a work which is so conspicuous, whether in respect to its merit or its results, one that achieved the double end of confirming its painter's fame in Ireland and establishing it in England, where it served both to introduce him and to show him in his strength, every incident is interesting, and not the least is the clever way in which its striking likeness was obtained. This is given by the writer of the sketch of him in the *Dublin University Magazine*, who records a visit to Lover's studio while the picture was in progress.

One of the secrets of success in portraiture is the conversational talent which enables

the artist to get at the best expression of his sitters, and nothing can be pleasanter than the illustration of it that is afforded in this instance, when, by a compliment the most adroit, but apparently ingenuous, the painter so well contrived to rouse the animation of the musician.

"Paganini being rather dull," observed Lover to his friend, "I wished to excite his attention, so remarked to him the great beauty of a little *capriccio motivo* in one of his *concertos*, and then hummed the tune. Pag cocked his ear.

"You have been in Strasbourg," said he.

"Never," I replied.

"Then how did you hear that air?"

"I heard you play it."

"No; if you were not in Strasbourg."

"Yes; in London."

"That *concerto* I composed for my first appearance in Strasbourg, and I never played it in London."

"Pardon me, you did—at the opera-house."

"I don't remember."

"It was the night you played an *obligato* accompaniment to *Pasta*."

"Ah, *Pasta*!" he exclaimed, and his beautiful eye brightened at the remembrance of the night."

As Rhoderic Dhu

"Felt the joy that warriors feel,
In foemen worthy of their steel,"

the great magician seemed to glow at the recollection of an occasion when two such artists stood together, and were mutually inspired by each other's excellence.

"*Pasta*!" he repeated, "how she sang that night!"

"Yes," said I; "and how you played!"

"Ah!" he exclaimed with a shrug of satisfaction, "but that *motivo*! Yes, I did play it at the time, but only that once in London. You must be a musician, for it is not an easy air to remember."

"It was *encored*, signor," said I, with a complimentary bow, "and so I heard it twice."

"Aha!" said he, with another shrug of approval; "but still I say it is not easy to remember except by a musician."

And so Lover gained his point. Paganini was sufficiently excited to respond with a bright expression, and the animation thus aroused was easily sustained to the close of the sitting.—"*Life of Samuel Lover*," London, 1874.

PAUL DE KOCK AND POPE GREGORY XVI.

Is an additional volume of memoirs of the celebrated novelist Paul de Kock, recently published in Paris, we have a very curious anecdote, which was kept secret by the famous novelist for thirty years.

Notwithstanding the lightness, if not looseness, of many of his productions, it is well known that Pope Gregory XVI. expressed for them unbounded admiration, and always referred to Paul de Kock as his favorite novelist. At first, this *penchant* of the pope was denied, and the rumor was generally treated as a jest; but the fact of a letter from the pope, offering him a decoration, being in possession of one of his nephews, places the matter beyond the possibility of doubt.

De Kock's interview with the pope's messenger is related by him as follows: "One day, when working in my cabinet, I received the visit of a man about sixty years old, of grave and thoughtful demeanor, dressed in black, who thus addressed me:

"To explain to you the object of my visit, I may say that, in a certain Italian court, you as a novelist are well loved, and highly appreciated. The highest personage

of this court has all your works in his library, delights in reading them, and finds them always amusing and never dangerous."

"I bowed to the compliment.

"At the express desire of this high personage, and as a proof of his particular esteem for your talents, I beg to offer you the title of *chevalier* in an order of which he is the supreme head—an order which bears a name dear to every good Christian."

"I again bowed.

"You accept," said the stranger, "my offer?"

"No, sir. Unfortunately, I am obliged to refuse it; but, while refusing this offer, I beg to express to you all the gratitude I feel for the kindness shown to me. My first reason is, because I am a member of the Reformed Church."

"Ah!" said the Italian, suddenly becoming serious, "you are, then, a Protestant?"

"Yes, sir; I have remained faithful to the religion of my forefathers. But, even if I were a Catholic, I would not feel free to accept your offer, which both touches and honors me. In my opinion, when a writer is not deemed worthy by his own government to wear the national order of his country, he cannot honorably accept a foreign decoration."

The stranger then rose, and took leave of Paul de Kock, requesting him, as a favor, to keep this matter secret, a request which Paul de Kock faithfully respected for more than thirty years.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN THE LAST CENTURY.

In turning through some files of old newspapers, we have been surprised to notice that the question as to the propriety of women taking a more prominent part in public affairs was quite as diligently discussed a century ago as it is nowadays. A few extracts which we have made will furnish somewhat curious illustrations of this. The *Morning Post*, of April 14, 1780, contains the following announcement:

"Casino, No. 43 Great Marlborough Street, this evening, the 14th inst., will commence the First Session of the Female Parliament. The Debate to be carried on by Ladies only, and a Lady to preside in the chair. Question—Is that assertion of Mr. Pope's founded in justice, which says, 'Every woman is at heart a rake?' On the Sunday evening a theological question is to be discussed."

In succeeding issues of the paper, formal reports of the proceedings of this parliament in petticoats are published—such as, Friday, April 21st: "The Speaker having taken the chair, it was resolved *nem. con.* that the assertion of Mr. Pope's, which says 'Every woman is at heart a rake,' is not founded in justice. A member presented to the House several petitions from men milliners, men mantua-makers, etc., etc., against a bill entitled 'An Act to prevent men from monopolizing women's professions.' Resolved that said bill and said petitions be considered."

"Such is the universal rage for public speaking," writes the *Morning Post*, of May 20, 1780, "that the Honorable Mrs. L., possessed of no less than two thousand pounds a year, constantly speaks at the Casino Rooms on the nights of the ladies' debates."

In the *Morning Post* of March 9, 1781, we meet with this report: "La Belle Assemblée—Budget. The opening of the Budget, and the debate which ensued upon the taxes that were proposed by the female Premier, as the Ways and Means for procuring the supplies for the present year, afforded such high and uncommon amusement to the numerous and splendid company in the Rooms that a gen-

eral request was made that, on the subsequent Friday, the Ladies should resume the consideration of the Budget, in preference to the question given out from the chair. In obedience, therefore, to the desire of the public, the Ladies mean this evening to resume the debate on the following taxes, viz.:

"1. Old maids and bachelors over a certain age.

"2. On men milliners, men mantua-makers, men marriage-brokers.

"3. On female foxes, female dragoons, female playwrights, and females of all descriptions who usurp the occupations of the men," etc., etc.

In 1788 an advertisement appears of the proposed opening, on March 17th, of Rice's elegant rooms (late Hickford's), Brewer Street, Golden Square, for public debate by ladies only. The first subject suggested seems quite as comprehensive on the subject of women's rights as the most zealous advocate of them in our own day could desire. This is it: "Do not the extraordinary abilities of the ladies in the present age demand academical honors from the Universities, a right to vote at elections, and to be returned members of Parliament?"—*The Academy*.

SERENADES.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

I.

SLEEP on thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
White-limbed lady, lie at rest;
Near thy casement, shrill of cry,
Broods the owl with luminous eye.

Midnight comes; all fair things sleep,
While all dark things vigil keep;
Round thy sleep thy scented bower
Foldeth like a lily-flower.

All so still around thee lies,
Peace in thy breast, sleep on thine eyes!
All without is dark as death,
And thy lover wakeneth.

Underneath thy bower I puce,
Star-dew sparkling on my face;
All around me, swift of sight,
Move the creatures of the night.

Hark, the great owl cries again,
With an echo in the brain,
And the dark Earth in her sleep
Stirs and trembles, breathing deep!

Sleep on thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Fold thy hands and take thy rest;
All the night, till morning break,
Spirits walk and lovers wake!

II.

Sleep sweet, beloved one, sleep sweet!
Without here night is growing,
The dead leaf falls, the dark boughs meet,
And a chill wind is blowing.

Strange shapes are stirring in the night
To the deep breezes' wailing,
And slow, with wistful gleams of light,
The storm-tossed moon is sailing.

Sleep sweet, beloved one, sleep sweet!
Fold thy white hands, my blossom!
Thy warm limbs in thy lily-sheet,
Thy hands upon thy bosom.

Though evil thoughts may walk the dark,
Not one shall near thy chamber,
But dreams divine shall pause to mark,
Singing to lutes of amber.

Sleep sweet, beloved one, sleep sweet!
Though, on thy bosom creeping,
God's hand is laid to feel the beat
Of thy soft heart in sleeping.

The brother angels, Sleep and Death,
Stoop by thy couch and eye thee;
And Sleep stoops down to drink thy breath,
While Death goes softly by thee!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A CORRESPONDENT, who is unmistakably a lady, and who writes with no little eloquence and earnest feeling, is anxious that New York should add to the great public boon of Central Park a similar pleasure-ground on the sea-shore. Coney Island she thinks admirably adapted for the purpose, and suggests that the city should purchase ground there, erect dressing-houses, adjust ropes, place life-preservers, organize an efficient corps of attendants, and establish free or very low-priced communication with the spot by ample and safe steamboats.

It seems at first glance a very pretty picture, and our correspondent anxiously endeavors to impress it upon our imagination. "Think," she says, "of the benefits of an hour's sail and a plunge into the purifying surf to one hard-worked through a July week of city business days and tenement-house nights! Think of the poor mother's comfort in the thought that for her sick little one there are sea-breezes as fresh and life-giving as those of Newport or Long Branch!"

It is, indeed, well to think of it, and one consoling result of the reflection is that the beach, and the surf, and the salt airs, are there, entirely free to every one without the interposition or assistance of the government. If, however, our correspondent thinks the place ought to be rendered accessible at a minimum of expenditure, we will suggest to her how this can be done without burdening government with additional cares and responsibilities, without opening a new field for jobbery, without withdrawing the attention of the authorities from duties that are now only half performed to those that are not within their legitimate province to attempt.

Let a number of sympathetic men and women raise by subscription a sum sufficient to send a steamboat daily to Coney Island, charging a merely nominal price, not more than two or three cents for the excursion. There is no need of any ownership of land at Coney Island; it is free to all comers. A steamboat could be chartered at from seventy-five to a hundred dollars a day, we should judge, and if the small sum of five thousand dollars were obtained, it would of itself tide over fifty or sixty days, leaving the receipts to swell the number of trips to the extent thus added to the fund. A very little effort on the part of a committee of ladies would thus give the great multitude those benefits of sea-air and sea-bathing with which our correspondent is so enraptured, and which are undeniably so conducive to health and cleanliness. Let the ladies do this, and forbear all devices for swelling the too rapidly-increasing taxes.

But, while fully realizing the danger of being denounced as hard-hearted and unfeeling and uncharitable, we wish it distinctly

understood that we suggest this scheme more with the view of giving those people who mourn over their dull lives and purposeless existence something to do and think about, than in the interest of the beneficiaries. We do not believe there is any urgent necessity for the charity; we deny that the people are so much excluded from the enjoyments of sea, beach, and country air as we find generally asserted; and we question very gravely the good effects of these devices for coddling the poor.

New York is so situated that it is always possible for the poor and hard-worked to get into the hills or to the sea-shore at a comparatively small cost. They may go to the Battery at no cost at all, and there inhale the air fresh from the bay, and enjoy as fine and stirring a picture as any city in the world can afford—a wide expanse of water, breezes fresh from the sea, distant swelling hills, ships and boats coming and going in ceaseless procession; features that make up a most glorious and exhilarating scene; or, for two or three cents, they may cross to Hoboken, wander along the river-shore, rest in the groves of the Elysian Fields, or climb the wild hills of Weehawken. Central Park always lies open to them, and they throng there in great numbers. The shores of the North River, the shores of East River and of Harlem River, Coney Island and Rockaway on the beach—these are all within easy and swift reach, while boats which traverse our splendid waters in every direction are ever at their command. These means of escape not only exist, but they are availed of to an immense extent. On Sundays the suburbs swarm with hundreds of thousands of our citizens, and the bay and the rivers are gay with excursion-boats. Not merely on Sundays either. Cheap excursions number by dozens daily; there is no time in the summer months the sea-side places are not thronged. Our people have not been slow to discover the many means of suburban recuperation, and have employed them with freedom and relish.

These pleasure-seekers are very largely composed of the working-class. There are few people in our midst so poor in purse that they cannot give themselves an "outing," as our English friends would say, at least as often as once a week. Those whose poverty cannot permit them the indulgence of a few pennies a week this way are commonly the wretches which dissipation has undone. The working-man may have to labor all his life, never attaining the point when he can wholly take his ease; but it is almost certain that industry and frugality will enable every man in this country to give himself, his wife, and his children frequent out-of-town recreation, without depending upon the government for it. Those who may be tempted to Coney Island or other suburbs by charitable contributions would not commonly be the persons we should much care to aid. They would

be the idle and the vagrant—men and boys too self-indulgent now, too ready to avail themselves of any means to escape their duties, who are without self-respect or virtue, and hang upon society for what they can obtain at the least possible expenditure of energy. While the poor washer-woman carries her cleanly-dressed children to the woods, and proudly puts down the pennies that pay for the recreation, these vagabonds, who haunt the soup-houses and the station-houses in winter and the park-benches in the summer, are always glad to get an eleemosynary excursion at any sacrifice of pride and self-respect.

Last summer there was a great deal of talk about charitably-organized excursions for the benefit of poor children. Large subscriptions were tendered, and a good many people felt great satisfaction in the success of the plan. But we think some erroneous ideas prevailed as to many of those who were recipients of the charity. So far from its being true that the poor children, as a class, except, perhaps, the very young ones, are denied rural amusements, we believe they partake of them very extensively. They may be found in swarms every summer day for miles along the North and East River shores, enjoying the bath and the shady rest. While the rich man's son is growing pale over his books, and the son of the tradesman or the artisan is shut up to his tasks in office or work-shop, these ragged vagabonds, who excite our sympathy so much, are abandoning themselves to amusement in the coves and nooks of our well-wooded shores. It seems inevitable that all charity must reach the least deserving, and tend to promote the evils it so honestly and with such praiseworthy zeal would seek to alleviate.

The poor can never be bettered by coddling. Whoever encourages them in industry, frugality, and prudence, whoever rescues them from the temptations that beset them and teaches them self-reliance, is the one to render them permanent service. Effusive sympathy that rushes to give them gingerbread, sentimental "gush" that pities and pets them, soft-hearted sympathy that wants to dower them with holidays, are all practically hurtful. No people in the world have maintained their independence, their integrity, their manhood, their robust honesty, under this coaxing and bribing and petting. This treatment completely undermined the virtues of the Roman populace. It has been resorted to in all ages by despots in order to keep the restless mass beneath them quiet and contented, and it has always ended in the complete demoralization of those who have been made the victims of it. If we want to encourage vagabondism, if we would like to see Italian indifference and slothful ease prevalent among us, we could not so surely bring them about as by teaching the people to rely upon others for their needs and their pleasures.

Teach them, we would emphatically say, to rely solely upon themselves for one and the other, and so shall we see idleness and vice brought to their minimum proportion, and the robust virtues of pride and independence and self-reliance flourishing in their stead.

— Peace societies—of which almost every civilized country possesses at least one—have, no doubt, their uses. Their object is a common object—that of teaching the world how to get along without war. These associations propose a way out of international difficulties by the placid and judicial path of arbitration. The resolutions adopted by the recent session of the American Peace Society embrace what it and its sister societies in Europe regard as the whole international duty of man. And it may well be that this subject, pertinaciously thrust before the public from year to year, enforced by appeals, with which every one must have sympathy, to the better nature of mankind, sounding the blessings of peace, and the holiness and happiness alike of mutual goodwill, urging by argument the possibility of a “confederation of the world,” a “parliament of man,” at least for the purpose of preserving tranquillity, will gradually grow into a settled general conviction, and now and then, at least, avert a collision of armed hosts.

But that arbitration, in the present condition of nations, is impracticable in general application, must be evident to the large-hearted members of the Peace Society themselves. The Alabama arbitration, upon which they nightly lay so much stress, was unhappily not one of those examples which can be universally or even generally applied. No one believes that war was imminent between England and America. The difficulty was one of those long-standing ones which very rarely, in these later days, lead to war anywhere. It lay, too, between two highly-civilized, free, and essentially commercial, and hence peaceful states. Time had passed, and there was no reason why the subject should not be approached with deliberation and the earnest intent of making a fair settlement on both sides. Public opinion, both in England and America, acts powerfully upon those to whom the political power is delegated; and public opinion, exercised by an educated and business-like race, may nearly always be counted upon to utter itself in favor of peace. The sober second thought of neither the English nor the Americans would have suffered a war to grow out of the Alabama affair. When it came near to that, both sides would have revolted from and protested against it. The case was eminently one, then, in which arbitration was the proper and the only reasonable solution. But it is a precedent wholly inapplicable to most warlike exigencies.

Nearly every modern war has burst out

suddenly, like thunder from a clear sky. A sudden provocation, a quickly-provoked wrath, an abruptly-arisen grievance, followed by the immediate appeal to arms and the speedily-succeeding collision of the battlefield—these have been the conspicuous features of the recent great contests of the world. It was the case with the Crimean War, the Italian War, the war which ended at Sadowa, and the war which closed by the second capitulation of Paris. Who could have intervened in any of these four cases, with a plea for arbitration, with the slightest prospect of success? What power could have suggested such a thing without being covered with ridicule by the belligerents?

Again, in the Russian military progress eastward, which has of late caused alarm to England, and created a keen interest on the part of all Europe, who is to step in and ask that the czar shall submit his trumped-up quarrels with the Khan of Khiva and the Atalik of Kashgar, the Shah of Persia, and the Emir of Cabool, to the arbitration of some European rival, or some South American nonentity? Who can hope to persuade France to abandon her gigantic project of fortifying Paris, or Germany to undo the mighty army organization which Bismarck and Von Moltke have had so much trouble in establishing? For a judge must be armed at least with a moral authority, and this must, to be effectual, be protected by physical strength; and an arbitrator is the highest judge created by society.

The peace societies must get rid of at least two deeply-rooted institutions before they can hope to make arbitration the law of the world. Old-fashioned diplomacy, always chiefly used in outwitting a rival, must be got rid of; open negotiation must replace secret intrigue, and substantial motives of quarrel, apparent to the peoples concerned, must take the place of hidden purposes and projects. But far more than this: irresponsible power, the power of one or a few, must be abolished among the great and warlike nations. Every government must be submitted to the influence of that element which all acknowledge to be the peace-impelling element of nations—the whole people most interested. So long as kings can make wars of pride, aggrandizement or dynastic interest, unaccountable to the masses from whom they draw their men and money, so long arbitration is a manifest impossibility.

Arbitration may, indeed, now and then, avert wars undertaken on a frivolous pretext, wars which would otherwise be entered upon unwillingly by the sovereigns, and thus diminish, in some sort, the contentions of men; and, even in so doing, it will be doing a noble and worthy work. But, to make it effectual and universal, the civilized peoples must be the agents in whose hands the issues of war or peace shall rest. We cannot hope to see such a state of things in our generation. The war

of 1870, for instance, has probably fastened a paternal and intensely military despotism on Germany for a half a century; it has also aroused a spirit in France which it were folly to attempt to allay by exhorting to the blessings of a judicial trial of grievances in a court constituted from among other nations. And, after irresponsible power has been swept from the face of Europe, it will require a long subsequent period to accustom the peoples to the acquirement and use of political liberties, and to wean them from the old habits of hasty warfare and the ancient methods of settling their quarrels.

— With the coming of the vacations come the usual newspaper admonitions as to the proper method of spending the season of summer rest. Your ordinary citizen and citizeness would seem, according to the oracles of the press, to have no knowledge of what is best for them, and to be governed by the most unreasonable instincts and tastes in the selection of their pleasures.

They are as obstinate, moreover, as they are depraved. They insist upon spending time at Saratoga, which the all-wise correspondent is certain would be better employed among the mountains. They exhibit a fondness for Newport, when every penny-a-liner can establish indisputably that it would be better for them physically and mentally if they went into the seclusion of a farm-house. They may look for relief and pleasure in the gayety and stir of Long Branch, but this some one who likes the solitudes of the woods is earnest in declaring to be all wrong and pernicious. Not only our newspaper men, but people generally, overflow with criticism, and half the summer sojourners are contemptuously sneering at the methods for summer recreation adopted by the other half.

Now these criticisms are not only gratuitously impertinent, but commonly entirely unjust. The watering-places are not nearly so given over to dissipation as many assert, nor does fashion so imperiously maintain its sway as the correspondents would have the world believe. There is just as much independence at the great so-called fashionable resorts as in the most obscure country boarding-house—indeed, we may say there is more, for the large assemblages always become metropolitan in character, the individual escaping notice in the multitudes that surround him, while the keen-eyed gossips of the village are watching every movement and repeating every utterance of the stranger.

The critics who deplore the dissipations of the watering-places, commonly understand only half the facts. Variety and change are what many of our summer pleasure-seekers specially desire and perhaps need. The young lady that we see one night in the hearty enjoyment of the Saratoga ball, we may find next week picnicking on one of the Lake-George islands, and a week or so later among

the hills with alpenstock in hand, equipped for the long and invigorating mountain-climb. We doubt whether those who settle themselves down in cottages, condemned to bad cooking and monotonous society, enjoy more of the robust out-of-door pleasures than many of our apparently fast girls of the watering-places, who abandon themselves with zeal to every variety of pleasure.

But we must not imitate those we censure, and fall into the critical rut. Let all men and all women follow their own inclinations, and let the newspaper men believe that people who have vacations to spend are not without experience; that they understand better than any others can the needs of their own nature; and that a great majority of them find no difficulty in extracting pleasure from the surroundings in which they have voluntarily placed themselves. So shall we find lovers of bright and animating society at Saratoga and Long Branch, lovers of Nature on the hills and in the forests, lovers of adventure in the wilderness, lovers of sport on the streams and the bays, lovers of the sea on the beach, lovers of quiet in the secluded cottage, lovers of motion and change on the excursion-trip, and all shall return each in his way refreshed, brightened, rejuvenated, and happy.

The following is from a correspondent:

"In a recent number of the JOURNAL you gave your readers a humorous account of the trials of the 'average' editor, and thereto appended a very clear warning to would-be contributors. Much less attention to your compositions than I have given them would teach that you are one of those very few who have discovered that there are more even than two sides to every question; and, as a philosopher of that expanded school, I would appeal to you. How, in the course of natural events, can a contributor—never beyond the hooting of the propounding owl (Minerva's own fowl, it is true), serenely ignorant of *sancti*, 'copy,' and, happy mortal! even rejected articles—a regular *rusticus*—in short, how can such a one so successfully delude the editorial ear, in common deafe than the adder's? I pray you to state in the JOURNAL what would be a propitiating substitute for the perverse, *aggravating* 'roll.' As for the hateful foolscap, an escape from that, in the present backward state of civilization, is, I fear, hopeless, and it must go down, to a shuddering posterity, a damning blot upon the age. Be so good as to instruct the outside barbarians as to what are the reasonable requirements necessary to the assurance of a fair voyage to a proper argosy."

An excellent "propitiating substitute" for the "aggravating roll" is note-paper, or any small sheet, sent flat. We do not intend to turn "angels from our doors unawares," even if they do perversely come in a garb to tax our patience and time; but usually a very few sentences of a manuscript indicates its nature, and, unless these are promising, we certainly shall turn to a contribution an "editorial ear deafe than an adder's," when the writer has not sufficient gumption to lay it

before us in a readable shape; otherwise, he may be sure the "editorial ear" will listen attentively, and due consideration be given to the effusion.

Literary.

A STORY which depends for its chief interest on incidents so excessively improbable as to keep the reader's mind in a perpetual state of rebellion, should never be attempted unless by a master-hand. Dealt with by any other, it is certain to be utterly inartistic and faulty; it is almost sure to be without any worthy effect; and, worst of all, it is in every way likely to be dull. The laws to which really great writers have subjected the element of the improbable in their fictions are simple enough, but they are very hard to manage, very difficult to skillfully obey. Either the *ars celars artem* must be employed, and what is improbable must not seem so; or the incidents must borrow from their own improbability a sufficiently fascinating touch of the fantastic to entirely attract the reader. Perhaps there is one other method that has been sometimes successful, but only among the very masters of romance—that of covering improbabilities, even impossibilities, with such splendid vividness of narration, or such perfection of dramatic force, that the end is lost in the means—the fault forgotten in the admirable audacity of its committal.

We have before us a book which so exactly points the moral of all this, that we should be tempted to discuss it on that account alone. It is also a novel by an author of particularly wide reputation—not, indeed, in the matter of fiction, but in such various other fields of work as to make the public look with much curiosity for his first production in romance. Yet, Mr. Theodore Tilton's "Tempest-Tossed" is certainly not a book calculated to fulfill any expectations that may have been aroused concerning it by its author's qualities as a writer.

The story is briefly this: Dr. Rodney Vail and his wife are on a voyage to Cape Town in the ship *Coromandel*, which fortunately carries, besides themselves and other passengers, a full and conveniently-assorted cargo of canned meats, vegetables, and fruits, put up in New England, and intended for use in South Africa—

"The connection of which with the plot one sees." Suddenly there comes upon the *Coromandel* a terrific thunder-storm; and in the midst thereof the plot of Mr. Tilton's story is developed with a suddenness that fairly makes the reader gasp for breath. In the duration of this brief tempest the following list of trifling incidents is successfully accomplished: the *Coromandel* is struck by lightning and set on fire; Mrs. Rodney Vail presents her husband with a child, who is the future heroine of the story; the crew prepare to desert the burning ship; Mrs. Vail swoons, and appears, even to her husband, to be dead; the captain of the vessel, as he is lowered into a departing boat, exhorts Vail to leave his wife, which Vail refuses to do; the boats sail away; an overwhelming rain extinguishes the flames of the burning ship; Mrs. Vail finally revives; and the doctor, when he comes on deck, finds to his surprise (and we may certainly say to the reader's also) that the *Coromandel* is perfectly safe after all (with the loss of much of her masts and spars); that she is water-tight and in good order, comfortably situated in latitude 30° 28'

south, longitude 14° 36' east, and has on board only Dr. Vail, Mrs. Vail, an old negro nurse named Jezebel, Miss Barbara Vail (aged one hour), and the captain's dog Beaver—not forgetting the important cargo of canned provisions. It may seem as improbable as Mr. Tilton's own plot when we say that the sixteen years now following might be successfully summed up in that number of brief sentences. The *Coromandel*, lying in latitudes where (thinks Mr. Tilton) she is exposed to but trifling danger from storm or other marine peril, drifts placidly in a circle, while her passengers live comfortably, and even with mild luxury, upon her canned provisions. Dr. Vail amuses himself with ingenious contrivances (see most of the popular books of marine adventure), and we are entertained with his journal. Miss Barbara grows up, and receives on board that sensible and slightly ideal education which the fashionable schools of the effete land would have denied her. Mrs. Vail does little worthy of note, and Jezebel does a good deal of quaint and mildly-humorous negro-talk, and does it reasonably well. Bottles are periodically sent off with papers giving intelligence of the vessel's safety, and all goes tranquilly. Meanwhile the captain of the *Coromandel* has been picked up and carried ashore, where he assumes an immediate place as one of the villains of the tale. Several friends of Vail persistently refuse to believe in his loss, and quarrel with those who (very reasonably) see no hope of his rediscovery; and, in one way or another, all the characters are set afloat, ready for rendezvous at the *dénouement*.

Meanwhile the reader will understand that Miss Barbara Vail has been in exceedingly good training for a model heroine—unsophisticated, natural, fresh, and highly expectant and imaginative. And so, when, after sixteen years drifting, the *Coromandel*, for no special reason that would not have applied with equal force at any time during the sixteen years, so far as we can see, finally reaches an uninhabited island, what wonder that Miss Vail is quite ready to find a hero?—He is promptly at hand; arriving, as do all the other characters (among them a new and rather gratuitous villain) at the island, and, as the period now reached is that of our civil war, and Union and Confederate cruisers are employed to bring the characters together, we have considerable lively action, including a battle and a Union victory. The hero, who is a young naval officer, the son of one of the persistent old friends above mentioned, distinguishes himself here; and, when he has wooed and won Miss Barbara, and the villains have come to various woe, and the friends have triumphed, they all sail away to more ordinary lands, and live happily forever after.

It would be idle and unjust to overlook the fact that there are in "Tempest-Tossed" many decidedly powerful passages, bits of very vivid description, and touches of remarkably graceful narrative. But, in giving ever so trifling a sketch of the book, we have shown upon what these good things have been wasted, and have sought to convey our own disappointment at the result of labors from which the past had led us to expect much more.

And "Tempest-Tossed" has one more disappointing fault than all; we hinted at it in the beginning. We said that a work which dealt with the entirely improbable without certain precautions was almost certain to be inartistic; we ventured the belief that it was generally something worse. "Tempest-Tossed," we fear, is certainly so. It is not only open to criticism in its faults of conception—it is dull (Sheldon & Co., publishers.)

It is possible that we underrate the omnivorous capabilities of the average boy when we think that the author of "The Neptune Outward Bound" takes too much for granted in the preface to that juvenile story in which this passage occurs:

"Another new book!" I hear some one exclaim, "Will there never be an end to them? The market is already flooded with enough to suit all tastes and classes." That is true, my friend. So were the broad prairies last summer waving with ripening grain, which was gathered, stored away, and then prepared as food for man and beast. But with all this abundance, will the farmer take less care to prepare the ground this spring for another harvest the coming season? He knows full well that one crop will not answer the wants of future years. It must soon be consumed; then will come the cry for "more! more!"

Certainly the American boy, if we know him, cannot live upon such food as is set before him in "The Neptune Outward Bound;" and, even should he succeed in devouring it, that he should ask for a further supply, is incredible.

We are always sorry when we are compelled to say any thing in disparagement of a child's or boy's book. It is, of course, useless to apply severe standards—literary or logical—in our judgment of such a story; and it perhaps seems especially absurd to accuse a children's book of vapidness; but there is certainly a line to be drawn somewhere. A child's mind may not call for very solid meat, but it is a barbarian to stuff it with sawdust.

When we say that "The Neptune Outward Bound" is a hopeless specimen of the dreariest class of children's literature, all experienced small boys, who have spent profitless hours in the selection of books from the average Sunday-school library, will know what we mean. It is a book which goes into the world with a prefatory note heralding its purpose: "Perchance this simple work may scatter a little seed, which shall produce an abundant harvest, and root out the poisonous plants that are springing up so profusely in our fair land." And its author, having incautiously stated that the manufacture of a coral-reef required a very great length of time, thinks it necessary to add to the chapter a precautionary note, which strikes us as so good a specimen of the logic which prepares children to be skeptics, that we give it here in full:

"NOTE.—To avoid the erroneous ideas which some may form regarding the 'Florida Reefs' from what has been said, we would simply remark that the statement cannot at all conflict with the Scripture account of the creation; since those who insist upon six literal days, also admit that this wonderful work was accomplished with all the appearances of age and long development which lead scientific men to conclude that the world is actually as old as these physical evidences would indicate."

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's collection of short stories, to which she has given the name "Some Women's Hearts," does not greatly please us. It wants all that healthy optimism which characterizes Mrs. Moulton in her capacity of critic; and deals with the conventional morbidnesses of the world somewhat in the manner of that feeble type of the novel of the period, in which "affinities" are a little too likely to carry the reader's (we mean the tender and gentle reader's) sympathies with them; while the husbands and other people to whom conventionality gives certain rights, are villains or weaklings whom we naturally somewhat despise. At all events, we come away from the reading of stories like "Fleeing from Fate," and "Out of Nazareth," with a disagreeable impression that their tone is

rather lackadaisical and weak, instead of having that hopeful ring and healthy purpose of which Mrs. Moulton has given us so much in other work. We are not overlooking, in these somewhat disparaging words, the fact that Mrs. Moulton's literary skill and graceful touch appears here as always in her writings; but we think it appears to less advantage in this hackneyed kind of pathological study than in any other work.

We are not disposed to quarrel with any one who gives another old-fashioned fairy-tale to this over-realistic time; and, if Sara Coleridge's "Phantasmion" is somewhat long, a trifle didactic in much of its form, and a little savoring of "Rasselas" in its diction, we are nevertheless grateful to Sir John Duke Coleridge for its revival and republication, and to the American publishers for its repetition. "Phantasmion," says the introduction, was the result of the enforced idleness of a sick-bed. If so, that sick-bed is happy which has no less pleasant and healthy dreams. With the plot of a fairy-story the every-day reader will not care to concern himself here; but we commend this to him for more than its plot—for graces of diction that are rare, for delicacy of handling that reminds one of the days of the old storytellers, and for an excellent dreaminess and absence of hurry. (Roberts Bros., publishers.)

We do not know of a more successful selection of poems (in small space) than has been made in a most pleasant little summer book, published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, under the title "Sea and Shore." It is full of the best of all those verses which could be included in the wide scope shown by its title; and it includes not only the old words that are so likely to find their way into books of this sort, but also nearly all that is worth having of fresh contemporary poetical literature; excellent choice is made from Morris, and Rossetti, and Swinburne, and yet nothing worthy that is older and more familiar seems to have been excluded.

The programme of the celebrations by the University of Padua, commemorative of the five hundredth anniversary of the death of Petrarch, in July next, announces for the first day an excursion to Arqua to visit the house which he once occupied, and the spot where his remains rest. The second day it is proposed to devote to the exhibition of the Paduan MSS. and copies of the Italian editions of his works. Venice, which in the Marciana Library has preserved a rich treasure of the MSS. of Petrarch—one of its earliest donors—intends to have a separate exhibition of these interesting literary remains, and the principal director of that institution is at present engaged in writing a critical review of the poems, with a notice of the poet in the character of politician, diplomatist, and patron of literature. The library at Trieste also promises, through its chief librarian, to yield its share of critical and laudatory tribute to the memory of the poet, in an exhibition of the numerous editions of Petrarch.

It seems that Tennyson is writing some new "Idylls of the King." . . . The widow of Agassiz is writing his biography. . . . A new volume of the once very popular "Golden Treasury" series is to appear, consisting of "Scottish Song." . . . A new poem, by Browning, will appear in October. . . . Four hundred libraries have lately sprung into existence in New Jersey in consequence of the provisions of a bill recently passed, granting twenty dollars for the purchase of books to any school raising an equal amount. . . . M. About, having recently hinted about a new French novelist, now announces him as M. Albert Aynand, whom he says "belongs to the school of Mérimée, which is and will remain the French school par excellence. He has the nervous style, concise diction, and exactitude of expression characteristic of Mérimée."

Fine Arts.

The Salon of 1874.

PARIS, May 25, 1874.

II.

THE mythological pictures are not numerous, neither are they very good, but to this remark I must except the "Séléné" of M. Machard. The painter has personified the pale yet charming queen of the night in a most poetic and appropriate manner. The white form of the goddess is radiant with light soft as that of the moon itself, and is gracefully bent backward on a curve recalling the crescent, while the bow she holds is the crescent moon itself, and the arrow she is about to send forth is a moonbeam. That portion of the moon which is still in shadows, forms a halo behind her head. All the shadows are bright under the pale luster that surrounds her. The background is the dark-blue starry sky of night. The whole picture has a weird, ethereal effect, which is very striking. M. Emile Levy's picture of "Folly directing Love," who is about to launch an arrow at a heart, is less successful. The figures are *maignés* and pretentious, and have an air as though they were posing themselves for the admiration of the spectator. As one critic remarks, "Cupid seems to be saying, 'How pretty I am, and how graceful is my attitude!' while Folly seems to remark, 'What a charming boy this little fellow is, and how elegantly I have contorted myself!'" The critics are also terribly severe on Ranots' large picture of "The Judgment of Paris," one affirming that the goddesses are after the manner of Offenbach, and another declaring that they are contending for the prize of ugliness, not for that of beauty, and that all three are so well entitled to it that Paris had better share the apple equally between them. In fact, the day for mythological subjects is past and gone. They belong to an earlier and a diviner period of art, when the artist who strove to depict the undraped human form had fewer obstacles to contend against than he now encounters. Besides which there is a fashion in art as well as in every thing else, and mythology seems to have gone out of vogue when Ingres laid down forever the pencil which had created "La Source" and "Venus Anadyomene." The "Venus Anadyomene" of M. Bin is, however, highly meritorious, though reproached with being too cold in tone; it belongs rather to the school of wall-painting than to that of pictures for a gallery.

The favorite line of subjects this year appears to be Spanish. M. Rougeron's picture of "La Divisa" (the *torero* offering to his lady-love the *divisa* or knot of ribbons he has just taken from between the horns of the bull) is full of grace and spirit. M. Worm's "Maquignons de la Grenade," is a very picturesque composition, painted with much dash and freedom. Pallière's "Visita al rezerende Padre," is delightful. It is impossible to give an idea of the look of conceited self-satisfaction on the face of the fat, greasy old monk, who is yielding his hand to the salute of a lovely, laughing *donna* in red velvet, while his old housekeeper looks on approvingly, and his cat, rubbing up against the foot of his chair, seems to purr acquiescence in the act of homage rendered to her master. Arango's "Departure for the Bull-fight" shows the valiant *toreros* going off on horseback in brilliant array, while a party of no less gorgeously-attired damsels wave them farewell, and wish them

all success, of course; a spirited composition, and most brilliant in coloring. But best of all these Spanish pictures is Vibert's "Rep- rimand," a real little *chef-d'œuvre*. Three personages form the group: an old Capuchin friar, who is breakfasting, *à la française*, under the trees, a very irate and vehement old mother, who has brought her young daughter to receive a good scolding from the reverend father, and the young lady herself. The *père* has thrown himself back in his chair with a highly scandalized air, his eyes wide open, and his mouth pursed up as though he had just heard something very shocking; the mother is shaking both her hands vehemently at her daughter, and signaling her as a culprit of the greatest delinquency, while the pretty criminal herself looks half indifferent and half angry; the very position of her hands, stretched out on her lap, and joined at the finger tips, expresses, "Scold away as much as you like, I don't care." The picture tells its story with a clearness that leaves nothing to be guessed at or explained, a great merit in a composition of this nature. M. Vibert has here, also, a portrait of M. Coquelin, of the Comédie Française, in the character of *Maserville*, in "Les Précieuses Ridicules," of Molière. Very excellent is the likeness, and very gorgeous is the gentleman's costume of red velvet adorned with a profusion of lace; a picture valuable as a work of art, no less than as the portrait of an admirable dramatic artist.

As usual, there are many portraits, some good, some mediocre, and a very few that are actually bad. Mr. Healy's three of Mr. Washburne, M. Thiers, and the pope, have been described and commented upon sufficiently already, so I will content myself by stating of them that they are considered three of the finest portraits in the exhibition. M. Legouré, by M. Delaunay, is depicted with an eye-glass in one hand, and a paper in the other. A conference, evidently—he is about to speak—he is speaking. This is an excellent portrait, fine and firm in execution, and full of vitality in the pose. Mme. Henriette Broune's portrait of an elderly lady is admirable; it is one of those portraits that impress you with a sense of their individuality, and a certainty of their being good likenesses. M. Plot Normand, exhibits a portrait of Mme. Judie, the beautiful star of Les Bouffes Parisiennes. The fair *diva* stands before you simply attired in black velvet, her lovely, dusky eyes looking upon one from the canvas with all the witchery they possess in real life; her dark hair plays in seemingly careless little tendrils and curls around her throat and forehead. Perignon has preserved for posterity a likeness of her frolic highness, the Grande-Duchesse de Gerolstein, in the person of her creatrix and most celebrated impersonator, Mdle. Hortense Schneider. It is a large, full-length, and life-size portrait, in the well-known costume of azure-blue silk, embroidered with silver, the dashing hussar-jacket and coquettish *toque* rendered so familiar to our own boards by our first *Grande-Duchesse*, Mdle. Tosti. The merry queen of the Opéra Bouffe stands looking from the canvas with head on one side like a coquettish pet bird, and her sunny face and large, laughing blue eyes are full of characteristic and mirthful expression. One realizes, in looking at that picture, the madcap actress who, during the last Paris World's Fair, drove up one day to the private entrance reserved for royal personages, and announcing, with a great flourish, "I am her royal highness the Grand-Duchess of Gerolstein," passed majestically in, unchallenged and unquestioned by the sentries

on guard. From the pencil of the same artist comes one of the loveliest portraits here. It is the picture of a young and charming girl in a simple white dress, and holding a bunch of lilacs; purity, sweetness, innocence, seem to breathe from that fair young face and delicate form, represented with so much grace and tender feeling. It is a portrait of which I could well imagine a sensitive and simple-hearted youth becoming enamored, did such singleness of sentiment and intensity of imagination still exist in our days. I stood before it for some time, wondering who the original could be, and if she was as fair, and good, and gentle, as her counterfeit presentment seemed to promise. M. Poncet exhibits two portraits, each of celebrity, the one scientific, and the other literary—M. le Docteur Faurel, and M. Edmond Goudinet. Dr. Faurel's portrait is less that of the doctor himself than of a superb incrustated table of ebony—it is a portrait of a table with a human accessory. As to M. Goudinet, his checked costume literally swallows him up; millions of little cheeks in waistcoat and pantaloons distract the spectator's attention from the details of the face and figure, but the picture is, *du rest*, well and conscientiously painted.

One of the most admired pictures in the exhibition is the painting by Melingue of "Messieurs du Tiers before the Royal Séance of June 23, 1789." The subject is taken from this passage in Bailly's "Mémoires: " "Pray rejoin M. de Brézé," I said to the Duke de Guiche, 'and inform him that the representatives of the nation cannot remain where they are; that they will wait no longer, and, if they are not at once admitted, they will withdraw.'" There, in the pouring rain, before the door, stand the representatives of the people, sturdy Mirabeau and gloomy Robespierre, Sieyès, and Bailly, and Barnave, the last speaking earnestly to Robespierre, who, with his hand to his chin, seems absorbed in thought. Some of *les messieurs* shelter themselves from the storm under the red umbrellas then so fashionable, while others stolidly withstand its peltings. You will have that picture with you in photography, as I have already seen reproductions of it displayed in the windows. Another powerful picture is the "Death of Nero," by Musini. Amid the splendor of his gorgeous sleeping-apartment, stands the shuddering and terror-stricken emperor, desiring death, yet dreading to summon it. Around him lie shattered vases and overturned tripods; costly jewels and sparkling wine alike glow unheeded on the table; his richly-draped couch in the background appears tossed and tumbled; while over all towers, in marble sternness, a statue of Cæsar, and, in mocking contrast to the cowering monarch and the disordered splendors, a bronze statue of Victory unfolds at one side her shining wings. Carefully studied and vigorously painted, this picture merits close study and thorough examination.

I have heard much praise of Miss Tompkins's picture of an "Italian Music-Boy." This lady, who is an American, is one of M. Bonnat's pupils, and, when this picture came before the receiving committee, one of them remarked to M. Bonnat, himself one of the committee, "That shows the traces of your brush, M. Bonnat." To this the master replied that he had never touched his pupil's picture, and that the vigor and skill wherewith it was painted were wholly the lady's own. It is an admirable work, and shows wonderful power of execution for a female hand.

I have purposely avoided speaking of any of those few pictures which have naturally been the first to be described and commented upon

by all writers who have visited the *salon*, but I cannot close this brief and necessarily imperfect notice of the paintings of this wonderful exhibition without mentioning a charge which has lately been brought against Gérôme of having plagiarized the idea of his already celebrated picture, "Son Eminence Grise," from the subject of a picture by Zamacois, called "A Court Favorite," and now in the possession of Mr. William Stewart, formerly of Philadelphia. The two subjects are alike, inasmuch as in both pictures there is a staircase, down which comes the object of the adulation of a bowing group of courtiers at the foot. In "A Court Favorite," the honored individual is a jaunty, dwarfish buffoon, in party-colored attire; while, in "Son Eminence Grise," it is the gray, serene, austere-looking figure of a shorn and shaven friar, the Father Joseph, who was the confidant of Richelieu. But it is essential that painters should never, in any degree, repeat the subjects of their predecessors! What becomes, then, of all the vaunted originality of the old masters! Who painted the first "Holy Family," to begin with! It strikes me that, if a picture be entirely original in treatment, it matters but little if the subject has ever been represented before or not. But Gérôme is immensely successful and popular, and it is so hard to pardon success!

As for the sculpture department of the exhibition, it merits, as usual, scarcely more than a passing mention. French art in this department is not very strong, and, while the French painters find but few American competitors, our American sculptors—Story, Percy, Rogers, and the rest—need fear no rivals from among the ranks of their French contemporaries. Some good busts and some pretty female figures deserve mention, as does also a group by Mercier, entitled "Gloria Victis," and representing Victory bearing away a dying hero in her arms. The pose of the winged goddess and her expression of indignant triumph are very fine. Then there is also a statue of Victory by Leroux, which was executed for the city of Bahia, in Brazil. "These Victories must be evolved from the depths of the French imagination," said an American spectator in my hearing the other day, "for the original has not been seen by Frenchmen for these five years past." Nothing, however, can be imagined more charming than the arrangement of the sculpture department, occupying, as it does, the vast area of the ground-floor of the building, which has no flooring, and which is laid out with beds of lovely flowers and gravelled walks, a sort of vast garden under glass, which forms an admirable scene for the display of the statuary. The white forms rising among and against the background of the brilliant blossoms and rich, green turf, form an *ensemble* most beautiful to behold. It is very odd to stand under the galleries and listen to the crowd walking overhead; the sound is as the trampling of innumerable herds of wild-horses. But at last we turn away from the *salon*, exhausted in mind and body alike, satiated with the full enchantments of modern art. And the open sesame to this treasury of art-gems is—just twenty cents of our money—one franc—no more.

A colossal bust of the German poet, Hoffmann von Fallersleben, recently deceased, is to be placed in one of the squares of Corvey, and near the library, which was so intimately associated with the latter years of the poet's long and active life. . . . The city of Leghorn has decreed the erection of a monument in honor of F. Domenico Guerrazzi, the most brilliant novelist of Tuscany, who died a short

time since. . . . The manufactory of Sèvres is at this time executing a pair of magnificent vases, to be offered by Marshal MacMahon to the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. . . . P. Bruckman, of Munich, the publisher of the well-known "Goethe Gallery," by the late W. Kaulbach, has acquired the copyright of all the unpublished works of the German master. This collection will appear in about two hundred items, including many subjects of great merit and interest. . . . Mr. Probasco, who gave Cincinnati its fountain, is moving in a scheme, in connection with other gentlemen, which has for its object the establishment of an institution similar to the Kensington Museum of London.

The rooms of the Household Art Company, of Boston, were opened some two years ago by the importation of fine old bits of furniture, chinas, brass-work, fire-dogs, etc., etc., selected from the various stores of old Europe. The company is now making, from the designs of Mr. Elliott, very striking work, mostly for the dining-room and library; the aim being, as we understand, to combine beauty of form, delicacy in decoration, best workmanship, and reasonable prices—a most desirable result, certainly. We are glad to know that these styles are fast taking the place of the detestable German-French designs which have so long afflicted us. The application of artistic feeling and knowledge to our house-furnishing and decoration is greatly to be desired, and this end Mr. Elliott's designs are promoting. The company has also special artists who produce decorative tiles and ornamental brass-work, such as are seen nowhere else. These art-tiles are very effective in mantel-pieces.

Music and the Drama.

NOTES.

THE London journals, especially those devoted to music, have been making merry over the over-abundance of British zeal in welcoming the Muscovite monarch. Some of them are quite bold, considering the national servility to the traditions of monarchism, in dilating on the Cossack faces of both the bride and the bride's imperial father. But the most fun is made over the official preparations with which his visit has been honored. This holds especially good in relation to the music. The mighty monarch of all the Russias is said to love music about as much as that other mighty monarch, known as the devil, loves holy water. But, in spite of this, the imperial victim has been nearly deafened by the incessant din of singing and musical instruments. The following is a facetious extract from the *Musical World*: "We have lately had among us a regular 'Old Lady of Banbury Cross,' in the person of his majesty the czar, for that imperial potentate has rarely been allowed to go beyond the sound of music. From the moment when he landed at Dover to that when he embarked at Gravesend the poor man was the victim of music in its most blatant form. Trumpeters blasted him; drummers drummed him; vocalists sang at him; huge families of wind instruments (various) coalesced to deafen him; choirs gathered 'in their thousands' to shout at him; and round every corner a band lay in wait to pelt him with the Russian national anthem. During the few moments that even an emperor may expect to enjoy in peace and quietness music assailed his ears. He was played to when dining at the Crystal Palace; he ate his chop at the Buckingham Palace while one of the Godfreys waved his *baton* outside; another Godfrey met him at the Guildhall, where also four trumpeters received him on the threshold. So the game was kept up night and day, till the czar, who is said not to love music, must have been driven to distraction, and have wished for just one hour of absolute control over his tormentors."

We can readily agree with our London Diogenes, and see why it did not specially amuse the czar, and at the same time was a degradation of the noble art of music, which was practically made to play the part of the court fool. It would have been in far better taste to have given the visitor the privilege of hearing music or not, as pleased him. One of the most dreadful tortures of the Spanish Inquisition was in pouring enormous quantities of water, certainly not a bad thing in itself, down the throat of the victim. The Russian emperor must have suffered a similar agony in this unending musical torrent pumped into his ears. He will now have enough for a lifetime, and Patti, Nilsson, and other singing birds, will not in the future be the recipients of such lavish testimonials from the imperial hand.

English and Americans are after all very much alike in their notions of public hospitality. We in this country have done equally foolish things, and if, on great ceremonial occasions, we have not deafened distinguished guests with an overdose of music, it has only been because our facilities of musical performance are less varied and numerous.

Mendelssohn, according to one of his recently-published letters to Hiller, seems not to have had an exalted idea of the taste of the Berliners for music. The great composer says: "The very day after" (Mendelssohn is speaking of his arrival in the city) "they gave a so-called memorial festival for Beethoven, and played his A-major Symphony so atrociously, that I soon had to beg many pardons of my small town and my small means; the coarseness and effrontery of the playing were such as I have never heard anywhere, and such as I can only explain to myself by the whole nature of the Prussian official, which is about as well suited for music as a strait-waistcoat is for a man. And even then it is an unconscious strait-waistcoat. Well, since then I have heard a good deal in the way of quartets and symphonies, and playing and singing in private circles, and have altogether begged pardon of my little town. At most places here music is carried on with the same mediocrity, carelessness, and assumption as ever, which quite sufficiently explains my old wrath, and the very imperfect means I had of managing things. It all hangs together with the sand, the situation, and the official life, so that, though one may enjoy individual appearances well enough, one cannot become better acquainted with anybody."

"Paul de Kock, being dead," says the *Academy*, "yet speaks to the Parisian public. A posthumous drama of his, called 'L'Amant de la Lune,' was produced at the Ambigu a few days ago. People went to be interested and went to be amused, but no one went, apparently, to be seriously critical. The play is a literary curiosity, of almost antiquarian importance, so entirely removed is the Paris of Paul de Kock from the Paris of our day. He never seems to have known this himself—no, not even in the least to have suspected it, though long after his retirement from Paris life and activity he lingered on, into the epoch of Cabanel and Francisque Sarcey, of Worth and Dumas *filz*. His conversation, they say, was of another age. He was like a *revenant* from 1830—the period at which people came up from the country to Paris to live like princes upon three hundred a year. He asked anxiously what people said of things at the *cafés* of his youth; insulted *demoiselles de magasins* by calling them *grisettes*, and gave the name of dandy to *gommeux* and *petits crevés*. What are you to do with a man who is so hopelessly behindhand in all things of importance? He and his play could hardly expect serious attention. They are happy, perhaps, to have provoked chiefly good-humored laughter."

The American play that we know here as "Sarstoga" has been adapted by Mr. Frank Marshall for the English stage under the name of "Brighton." "It is easier," the *Athenaeum* thinks, "to adapt a French comedy for the American stage than for the English. Girls in New York enjoy a license

almost corresponding to that accorded a married woman in France. An American dramatist may, accordingly, at times, substitute, we think, for the married heroine of a French play an unmarried woman with no strong violation of probability. Mr. Marshall has had a difficulty of this kind to combat. As he has not quite surmounted it, he has reduced it to comparative unimportance. He has supplied new dialogue, much of which is thoroughly witty, and has produced a play which, while it is no more than an elaborate farce, is at least a diverting production in its class." The *Academy* thinks that, "as a whimsical and extravagant farce, the piece has sufficient merit, but as a work of wit or of serious poetic interest it is not entitled to consideration."

According to reports from Pesth, Herr R. Wagner has found his long-sought treasure, the ideal tenor, who is to sing at the great Balreuth festival next year, or whenever it comes off. This vocal marvel is a gentleman in a good position, and the son of a barrister. His name is Franz Glatz. Until recently, he devoted himself exclusively to the study of the law. He occasionally attended the meetings of the various vocal associations, and it was at one of these meetings that Herr Richter came across him. He was duly presented to Herr Richard Wagner, before whom he sang, and in whose "Trilogy" he is to sustain the part of *Megfried*. Herr Glatz is tall, powerful, and well made, and will look the character well. Whether, however, it is wise to trust so important a part to an amateur, time will show."

A wonderfully cheap edition of operas is coming out in Italy this spring. The first volume is already published. The editor is Edward Lonsingo. The first one contains the whole partition, with pianoforte accompaniment, of the "Barber of Seville," the libretto of the opera, illustrations, a portrait of Rossini, a biographical preface by Galli, and an *indice tematico*. The price is only one franc (twenty cents) each.

The latest musical prodigy is the new Russian pianist, Mdlle. Essipoff, a favorite pupil of Liszt's. She has created a great noise in London musical circles, in spite of the fact that Von Bulow is still fresh in the memory of enthusiasts. She is credited with uniting the fire, grasp, and vigor of her great master, with a grace and tenderness peculiarly her own.

Verdi's mass in honor of Manzoni was sung for the first time, in Milan, on the 23d of May. The composition is described as of the utmost beauty and gravity, in all respects worthy of the author of "Aida." It was interpreted with great success by Mesdames Stolz and Waldmann, the tenor Capponi and the baritone Mairi.

Mozart's "Don Giovanni" was recently "done" in London at Covent Garden, with the following magnificent combination of artists: Patti, Mari-mon, D'Angeri, Faure, Nicolini, Maurel, and Ciampi. This constellation is worthy of the palmiest days of operatic history.

Gounod protests against the rescoring of Beethoven started by Wagner. He says: "I do not know the Ninth Choral Symphony of Beethoven according to Wagner. I only know it according to Beethoven, and that is quite enough for me."

A Paris paper gives us the news that Capaul is not to sing in London this season, but that M. Leon Achard, the well-known tenor of the Paris Opera-House, will take his place at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Liszt is now at Rome, engaged on a new oratorio on the subject of St. Stanislaus.

National and Statistical.

The Granary of the World.

GLANCING at the map, with the navigable waters of the Mississippi Valley, over sixteen thousand miles in extent, before us, constituting the farm, the granary of the world, we are reminded that, from the stand-point of a century, there was a wide expanse of trackless

wilderness behind the narrow fringe of white settlements which bordered the Atlantic—that the thirteen colonies have swelled into thirty-seven States and Territories, and capitals which may vie with many of the Old World now dot the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Among the grand results of the system of small proprietary interests founded by the fathers—that policy which favored the appropriation of the public lands by actual settlers in small tracts, in consideration of a nominal sum of money—has been the erection of an empire which may properly be termed the Region of Cereals, embracing the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, on the east of the Mississippi River; and Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, and the Territory of Dakota, on the west. This vast region, in extent, surpasses the united area of the British Islands, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, embracing 749,372 square miles. The Region of Cereals embraces 751,736 square miles, or 481,106,908 acres, of which 327,789,788 acres lie on the west side of the Mississippi River. The total population of this region is, in round numbers, 14,000,000, nearly ten millions of which are on the east side of the great river. Compared with the same extent of territory in the most thickly-settled portions of Europe, the Cereal Region is capable of accommodating a population of at least 150,000,000 souls.

Within the limits of Ohio, our public-land system was inaugurated. Only a few isolated tracts now remain at the disposal of the General Government. The present value of the farms of Ohio is \$1,054,000,000; the value of the farm implements and machinery is \$25,692,000, and the live-stock is worth \$150,000,000. Public lands have disappeared from Indiana, and the value of the farming utensils, etc., of that State has reached \$18,000,000, and the cash value of the farms is estimated at \$230,000,000. The results of a progress of little more than half a century are summed up in a true gold value of \$1,800,000,000. The cash value of the farms of Illinois is placed at \$990,506,346, and of agricultural tools and machinery, \$35,000,000. The climate of Illinois presents a variety of temperature, while its natural communications embrace a lake and river navigation of nearly 2,000 miles. The commerce of the State has reached magnificent proportions. Its railroad tonnage is worth at least \$1,500,000,000, and its leading city, Chicago, exports annually 100,000,000 bushels of grain. Michigan's farms are valued at \$398,240,573, and its farm implements and machinery, \$13,711,979. Less than one-fourth of the State is still occupied by farms, and less than one-eighth has been brought under cultivation. In addition to its cereal crop, the wool, lumber, and ore of Michigan reaches a handsome figure. Commercially, the State has 1,400 miles of lake navigation along its shores, and a water communication with the Atlantic, thus having access to a vast internal trade. Michigan has still many acres of public land, as also has Wisconsin, whose public lands originally embraced 94,511,360 acres. Only one-seventh of the whole area of the State is now under cultivation. Missouri reveals to the agriculturist regions of the greatest fertility, while to the miner a wide range of mineral products is accessible. Less than one million acres of public lands remain to be disposed of. Iowa is a phenomenon among the new States west of the Mississippi, and one of the leading in the Cereal Region. The cash value of its farms, embracing 30,000,000 acres, is placed at \$898,000,000. The State possesses greater nat-

ural advantages for crop-raising than Minnesota. Its wheat is said to be the choicest raised in the Cereal Region, and commands the highest price at Chicago, and the flour made from it is worth more than any other flour in the New-York or Boston market. Minnesota has just entered upon the second era of its glorious existence. Kansas is also a phenomenal State, and is destined to become an empire. That portion of it which was once called the "Great American Desert," has become one of the most productive regions of the great West. Nebraska, although in its infancy, is a young giant. The grazing region of the State comprises 23,000,000 acres. Dakota has yet over 70,000,000 acres undisposed of, and so rapidly has immigration passed into the Territory, that the public surveys have failed to keep pace with the advancing column of settlers.

A glance at the characteristics of the States embracing the great Cereal Region of America, will show vast geographical and social differences, strengthened by variety and rivalry, but all blended, balanced, and unified, each State exerting an influence peculiar to itself, but a fraternal sentiment permeating all. The ten States enumerated, planted over an area exceeding 750,000 square miles, present to our view the magic creations of pioneer energy, inclosed within a perennial frame, nor is that pioneer energy yet crushed or emasculated. The official statistics pertaining to the Cereal Region present brilliant problems for the study of progressive statisticians. The following figures, obtained from official sources, will show the grain production of the Cereal Region, under ordinary conditions. Of course, the volume of production can be increased to an almost indefinite extent. We give the bushels of wheat, corn, and oats, raised in 1872:

STATES	Wheat.	Corn.	Oats.
Iowa	32,487,836	141,744,322	22,113,013
Kansas	2,479,415	18,069,061	4,143,739
Nebraska	226,097	4,738,789	1,495,310
Illinois	30,973,504	143,741,468	48,053,535
Minnesota	21,897,089	5,247,188	10,169,567
Indiana	32,149,327	81,158,488	11,494,638
Michigan	16,265,773	14,098,388	8,954,466
Missouri	14,397,333	66,094,112	16,628,325
Wisconsin	25,766,915	15,973,097	30,157,797
Ohio	18,067,664	100,779,107	25,835,742
Total	184,421,373	591,160,017	169,950,562

Here, then, we have a grand total product of over 900,000,000 bushels of wheat, corn, and oats, produced in ten States alone of the Union. It will be noticed that Iowa, although one of the youngest Commonwealths of the Cereal Region, surpasses Illinois in the production of wheat; but Illinois produced, in 1872, more corn and oats than either of the other States. The rivalry between Illinois and Iowa is now very sharp and close, and the latter will, no doubt, in a few years, leave its sister on the other side of the river in the rear. Ohio raised over 600,000,000 bushels of corn; but Wisconsin, Indiana, Minnesota, and Illinois, beat her in wheat production, for reasons that are obvious. The large relative increase of the cereal production in the States west of the Mississippi River is significant and suggestive. With the westward movement of the "star of empire," the active force of progress, adjusting itself to the geographical colonies, is now at work toward the centre of the continent, moving in the pathway of the commercial activity and industry of American civilization.

The value of the farms in the States composing the Cereal Region in 1870 was as follows: Iowa, \$392,662,441; Kansas, \$90,327,040; Nebraska, \$30,242,188; Illinois, \$920,506,346; Minnesota, \$97,847,442; Indiana, \$634,

\$84,189; Michigan, \$398,240,573; Wisconsin, \$300,414,064; Missouri, \$92,908,047; Ohio, 1,054,465,236. Grand total value of the farms, \$4,812,417,459. The value of the farms in the entire United States in 1872 was \$9,262,803,861. It will be seen that the farms in the Cereal Region constitute fully one-half the value of the entire farm property in the country. The value of the farming implements and machinery in the Cereal Region is estimated at \$160,000,000, or about one-half that of the remaining States and Territories. The increase of the value of the farms in the Cereal Region in ten years has been at the rate of forty per cent., and in some special instances sixty per cent. Comparing the yield of wheat, corn, and oats, of the Cereal Region in 1872 with the total yield of the same grains in all the States and Territories in 1860, it will be found that the excess of the latter was only about 350,000,000 bushels. This fact alone is sufficient to entitle the ten States which we have been considering to the claim of being the "granary, the farm, the garden of the world." The great Cereal Region of America embodies the very paragon of geographical advantages; and, what with its rare economy in structure, climate, interoceanic convenience, etc., we dare not predict what it may become, commercially, socially, and politically, two decades hence.

Science and Invention.

THE manifest value to science of deep-sea explorations, and the increased interest taken in them, have directed the attention of both the explorers and instrument-makers to the need of more accurate and convenient means for measuring depth, determining temperature, pressure, and density; and for recovering from the sea-bed samples of earth, and specimens of life. We have already described an ingenious method for photographing the sea-bottom, and recently an illustrated description of an improved thermometer was given. The great depths to which these instruments are often lowered, and the consequent length of time needed for a single observation, render it important that as great a series of results may be obtained by one operation as possible. To effect this, it is desirable that the sounding-line, besides determining the depth, should be made to render service as a dredge, and bring to the surface, in greater or less quantity, samples of the earth which forms the sea-bed. Already many ingenious plans have been suggested for effecting this, though the main objection to them all has been, that the earth, although fairly secured, has been washed away by the rapid upward passage of the lead in its return to the ship's side. With a view to overcome this difficulty, M. Toselli, an Italian engineer, designed the instrument here illustrated, and recently described in the *Revue Industrielle*.

In Fig. 1, we have the instrument as it appears in its descent. P is the lead rope, which instead of being attached directly to the line above, is fixed to a rod D, having a T-shaped head. Extending from opposite sides of a heavy metal-holder, are two projecting arms A and B, terminating in the cups E. These arms are held in their extended position by means of the T head, to which the lead is attached. By a reference to the illustration, it will appear that the moment the lead P comes in contact with the sea-bottom it is driven up, and with it the T head, this action releases the two arms which in descending scrape against the



Fig. 1.

earth, and scoop up a certain portion, which is inclosed between the two cups, that are held in their new position, as shown in Fig. 2, by means of a second set of notches in the arms into which the T head again drops; the whole

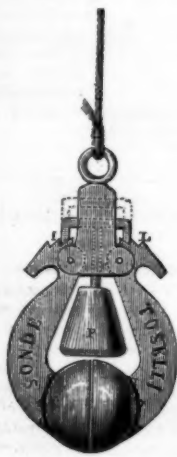


Fig. 2.

is now drawn up, and the contents of the two cups, which have now united as a hollow sphere, are removed and examined.

The action of the city authorities in compelling an enforcement of the law regarding the muzzling of dogs during the summer months, will render a brief review of the subject from a scientific stand-point of interest. Though the measure adopted by our city fathers may appear to some in the light of cruelty to animals, it cannot be denied that their motive is a good one, though there is certainly abundant evidence to prove that the season of the year has in truth very little to do with the prevalence of the disease. This being the case, it follows either that these animals should be always muzzled, or that we should be thoroughly informed as to the premonitory symptoms, and thus be able to avoid the threatened danger. Dr. Burdon Sanderson, in a letter on the subject of mad dogs and hydrophobia, published in the London *Times*, says: "A dog about to become rabid loses its natural liveliness. It mopes about as if preoccupied or apprehensive, and seeks to withdraw into dark corners. From the first there is usually a foreshadowing of that most constant symptom of the disease—depraved appetite. Mad dogs not only devour filth and rubbish of every kind with avidity, but even their own excrement—often immediately after it has been passed. Indications of this tendency appear

early, and are more than suspicious." In addition to these decided symptoms, are others, which may well be regarded. A healthy dog, in its progress along the street or elsewhere, shows at every step that its attention is awake to the sights and sounds which it encounters. The rabid dog, on the contrary, goes sullenly forward, and is not diverted by objects obviously likely to attract its attention. As the disease advances, its presence becomes evident from theropy mucous discharges from the mouth, a drooping of the lower jaw, and often an apparent loss of power in the hind-legs. Wherever these symptoms are observed, there remains but one course

—that of immediate confinement or death, preferably the latter, for, as stated by Dr. Sanderson, the disease originates, in man or beast, exclusively by contagion. In this connection, the following note, on a means of preservation from the bite of the rabid dog, may be of interest, though we question whether many of our readers will adopt it in place of the simple muzzle. This plan is proposed by a Parisian veterinary surgeon, M. Bomsel, and consists in blunting the incisor and canine teeth of the dog with shears or file. Whether the author of this method is likely to have many imitators we question, yet he certainly deserves much credit for the courageous experiments made to establish its efficiency. From the report of these we learn that "on three dogs in full madness he performed the dangerous operation of blunting the teeth. This done, six experimental dogs were given over to these animals, and were bitten viciously by them, but without the skin being broken in any case. These bitten dogs were watched for six months, and none of them gave symptoms of madness. M. Bomsel even went the length of presenting his gloved hand to one of the mad dogs on which he had operated. When the dog let go its hold, the glove was found intact, the bite having only produced a strong pressure. He also gave his bare hand to be bitten by healthy dogs whose teeth he had blunted, and it was very rarely the skin was broken, however vigorous the contraction of the jaw-muscles."

The *Academy* publishes the following interesting "state-paper" of the time of Charles II., A. D. 1676, by which it will appear that state patronage of science is by no means a novel function of government. The document is addressed: "For y^e rth hon^{ble} S^t Jo. Williamson," and runs thus: "Mr. Edmund Halley student of Queens Colleg^e in Oxford having for some years been a diligent observer of y^e Planettes and stars, has found it absolutely necessary (besides the continuance of observations here) that in some place betwixt the Tropicks where the Sunn & Moone & Planettes will passe near the Zenith wthout Refraction their motions will much be ascertained and navigation perfected, and that the Island of S^t Helena wilbe a fitt place, where the Celestial Globe may be finished, the stars in the Southern Hemisphere being much out of their places. He humbly desires his Ma^{ties} letters of Recommendation to y^e Govern^r and Committee of the East India Company, that they will cause the shipp ready to go to St. Helena to transport him & his freind thither and that he may have their orders that there he may be received & entertained & have such assistance as may be fitt for his undertaking."

Among the numerous theories advanced to account for the cold, late spring through which we have just passed, is one proposed by M. de

Fonvielle, that the earth has been passing behind a ring of asteroids. These miniature worlds have acted as a curtain between us and the sun, appropriating a certain portion of the heat which would otherwise have reached and warmed the surface of our globe.

Contemporary Sayings.

"IT is very vexatious," says the *Spectator*, "but one never gets fairly the better of Mr. Ruskin. Sometimes he lets his intellect work, and fires off pamphlet after pamphlet on political economy, each new one more ridiculous than the last, till it ceases to be possible even to read his brochures without condemning them as the utterances of a man who cannot lose a certain eloquence of expression, but who cannot think at all; and then, again, he lets his genius work, and produces something which raises the admiration of the reader till every folly which preceded it is forgotten. Just recently he has been pushing some plans for an agricultural Utopia, free of steam-engines and noises and every thing modern, in which the inconsequence of his mind is as evident as its radical benevolence; and now he has, we believe, done the whole youth of Oxford a substantial service. He has turned, or rather tried to turn, the rage for athletics into a worthy channel. We have either missed every thing he may have printed about it, or he has never printed any thing, but he has evidently been telling Oxford men that they could employ any superfluous energy they possess much better than in jumping over hurdles, or rowing themselves into heart-disease. They might just as well dig their poor neighbors' gardens, or mend worn-out roads, and find out what manual labor is like, besides helping to spread æsthetic tastes, which Mr. Ruskin, with, we fear, a little too much sanguineness, holds to be of a civilizing kind."

"The ways of charity," remarks Gail Hamilton, in the *Christian Union*, "are wonderful and past finding out. The old-type ideal is a quiet, modest, retiring, and gracious lady, searching out the abodes of suffering, ministering to the sick, teaching the ignorant, giving of her substance, but always unobtrusive, never letting the left hand know what the right hand doeth. The real Lady Charity seemeth to be somewhat of a brazen dame, sedulously seeking her own pleasure in the name of the poor. She institutes a charity ball, whither she goes dressed in all the silk and lace and jewelry of luxury; or, worse still, in calico fashioned in such æsthetic shapes that neither rich nor poor can make any use of it afterward. She dances all night, she devours creams and cakes, salads and coffee, she breathes the fragrance of flowers, and moves to the music of a band, and in all things disports herself like a lady bent on her own amusement; and is altogether satisfied and satisfactory because it is a charity ball."

"O France, France!" I inwardly exclaimed, in sitting down to a comfortable dinner at the *table d'Aôte*, "with all thy faults I love thee still. Heaven be praised for thee! Confound the narrow souls who would polish thee off the face of the earth! Without thee we should have no cuisine, no cooks, no names for new dishes, no Lyonnaise potatoes, no Bordeaux, no Burgundy, no French bread, no coffee, no Sèvres china, no Lyons silks, no dress-makers, no fashions, no bonnets, no decent gloves, no *dombons*, no Alfred de Musset, no Victor Hugo, no George Sand, no *Revue des Deux Mondes*, no school of acting, no plays to steal from, no live school of painting, no language to say nothing in beautifully, no "Bon Marché," no articles of *veris*, no revolutions, no Commune, no Paris to go to when we are good and die young! *Salut à la France!*" and, waving an imaginary tricolor in my right hand, I took soup with my left." If the reader has not guessed this is from Kate Field, he is no prophet in the literary world.

"Congress," the *Tribune* thinks, "ought to pass a law that the mercury shall not go above the seventies during this and the two following months, not only to gratify those trustful people who think that Congress can do any thing, but for

the sake of the politicians of both parties in convention assembled. The platform-makers are going to have the hardest work they've had for many a summer, and, unless some such provision is made for their benefit, untold numbers of politicians will be prostrated." This last reason may be the very one why Congress in its wisdom should not attempt to keep down the thermometer. Were the power of Congress in the matter quite certain, we should be tempted to ask it to order the mercury to a permanent point, say at 90°.

The Boston Post thinks that if some of the recent criticisms in regard to the morals of the drama were applied to the standard plays, many of them would fall under condemnation. "The fundamental nature of Hamlet," it says, "is quite as improper in itself as any thing of Dumas'; the always-popular 'School for Scandal' has the screen-scene, whose purport cannot be judged as strictly moral; and, indeed, except where physical violence is the moving element, human passion and social irregularity are the prevailing forces. It is manifestly unjust to impute exceptional immorality to the French drama, since the few original productions of English and American dramatists of late years show an excess of the same tendency, and there is no comparison between the light and graceful fun of the *opéra bouffe* and the turgid imitation of English burlesque. While the standard drama holds the stage, and while 'Favorita,' and 'Traviata,' and 'Faust,' are recognized as proper for entertainment and teaching, it is difficult to justify a crusade against the alleged immorality of dramatic pictures of modern society."

A propos of summer travel, the Tribune says: "We would urge upon any of our readers whose taint of vagabond blood rebels at Nature in living at Newport and the pretty pasteboard villas of our suburban retreats, not to leave any longer the untold wonders of our own Western Territories to foreigners to discover. No country in the world contains such variety of magnificent scenery as the United States, but the majority of her people know only her tamest and most commonplace landscapes. The lovely lakes of Minnesota, the horrors of Colorado rivers, the grassless deserts and mountain-ranges of Arizona, awful in their lifelessness as any home of the damned in Dante's 'Inferno,' we scarcely care to read of, much less to explore. We are apt, too, to excuse our lack of interest in our own country by a contempt for its vulgar newness; forgetting that in the great southwestern deserts are cities and burying-places, beside which London and Paris are but of yesterday."

The Traveller tells us that the "temperance crusaders are now arrested in many places, and censured, and threatened with punishment. It shows the power of rum, that even women, who can do almost any thing in this country, find it a more than equal antagonist. This proves that the crusaders are right, and that they took the cross none too soon. Left to itself, rum would have established its ascendancy as firmly here as the Mussulmans established their power in Syria." This in one column for the crusaders, but in another we find our contemporary smacking his lips over the four hundred bottles of wine sold at the Summer sale, which "went off as well as they will go down." This is the rule: indulgence for the rich, law for the crusaders for the poor.

The Tribune expands upon mosquitoes. It tells us that, among commercial statistics, it has seen no estimate of the annual consumption of blood by these creatures; then attempts some calculations by which it proves that one hundred million mosquitoes will draw seventy-five pints of blood in twenty-four hours; then it exalts the mosquito because of its republican fair play, "dining as voraciously upon a negro as a white man;" and, finally, it tells us that, "professionally, they bring to mind their scientific allies of the medical fraternity, for they never let blood without running up a bill!"

The Independent thinks that there should be, side by side with the much-talked-of school for servants, a school for mistresses. While in the one school household work should be taught, in the other there should be "set forth in the most impressive manner—perhaps by some dramatic

representation—firstly, how mistresses should speak to servants, in what tone and with what language; secondly, what amount and quality of service they should require of them; thirdly, what wages they should pay them."

The Evening Post is of opinion, in regard to President Grant's extreme measures for the return to specie payment, that there is no use of jumping from a roof while the way is clear to walk downstairs; and that there is a better way of curing the toothache than by killing the patient.

The Times thinks that many of its readers "must have noticed the important part which the imagination plays in politics." We should say no unquestionably.

The Springfield Republican asks, "Why shouldn't we Americans light up our barren streets and cheerless walls with more of this window gardening, which in foreign towns gives even to the humblest casement such a charm?"

A newspaper correspondent tells us that good taste is outraged "at the sight of a girl of fifteen wearing as many diamonds as would ransom a king." Where are these young ladies to be found? We will forgive the outrage to taste just for the sake of seeing the marvel. An anxious young friend of ours wants to know if these diamond-dowered young ladies are in the matrimonial market?

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

JUNE 5.—Advices that General Concha has entered Logroño, Spain.

Advices from France: M. Melvil-Blancourt, deputy for Guadeloupe, condemned to death in *contumaciam*, for participation in the acts of the Commune.

Advices from the Cheyenne Agency report that four hundred Indians are on the war-path.

Death, at Lebanon, N. Y., of Rev. Father John Lovejoy, formerly of St. Stephen's Parish, New York.

JUNE 6.—Advices from Mexico: A *pronunciamento* against the Government considered inevitable in the state of Michoacan. Numerous bands of Indians have appeared near the frontier settlements of the State of Cohahuila, and burned several ranches. Lema's band dispersed by government forces.

Report that a serious mutiny has broken out among several battalions of Spanish Republican troops in the province of Guipuzcoa.

The Italian Senate has given its approval to a treaty of commerce with Mexico, and a postal convention with Brazil.

The Catholic Episcopate of Bohemia has determined to resist the ecclesiastical laws.

JUNE 7.—Advices from Spain: Don Carlos has issued a decree authorizing the provinces now occupied by his forces to elect members of a council which is to personally attend him in Spain. Rumor of defeat of the Carlists at Gangee, with loss of one hundred and fifty killed and wounded.

Manifesto of the Left Centre of the French Assembly calling for declaration of republic, or dissolution of the Assembly.

Advices from South America: a revolution attempted in Costa Rica, but was put down by the government of Señor Guardia. The Constituent Congress has confirmed Don Ponciano Melva as Provisional President of Honduras. Ex-President Arias banished the country for five years. The boundary question between Chili and the Argentine Republic, and the dispute between Chili and Bolivia, to be settled by arbitration.

Terrible thunder-storms in New York and Connecticut: much damage done. Twenty-seven persons reported drowned during the storm on Oneida and Onondaga Lakes. Fierce tornado in Illinois and Minnesota.

JUNE 8.—Small-pox reported to be raging at Jamaica, W. I.

The insurrection at Fes, Morocco, has been quelled by the sultan's troops.

Arrest of the parties implicated in the burning of the alleged sorceress in Jacobo, Mexico. Several of the accused are Indians.

JUNE 9.—Advices from Spain: Carlist forces concentrating in intrenched positions about Puente la Reina in the province of Navarre. The main body of the Republican army still at Logroño.

Large amount of damage done by the severe storms in Central New York and Connecticut.

Collision on the Pittsburg, Washington and Baltimore Railroad; two men killed.

Death of the Most Reverend Jean François Lamberti, Archbishop of Rheims.

Reports from India of famine-riots in the districts near Darfeeling, in the Sikh territory; troops fire on rioters and kill several.

Stormy scenes in the French Assembly; Gambetta and the Bonapartists in collision.

JUNE 10.—Advices from Spain: Twenty-five battalions of Carlists, with twelve guns, posted between Estella and the Arga Valley, awaiting Concha's army.

French Government defeated in the Assembly on clause of the electoral bill fixing age of electors. Bitter feeling between Bonapartists and supporters of Gambetta; violence threatened; Bonapartist deputies protected on the train by the police.

The extensive cotton-mills of Moseley & Mar, Manchester, Eng., destroyed by fire.

Capture in Bay of Jagas of Colonel Betancourt, Jeminez, and Rojas, three Cuban insurgent chiefs.

Death, at Providence, R. I., of John Carter Brown, distinguished citizen, aged seventy-seven.

JUNE 11.—Political excitement in Versailles continues. Gambetta insulted by a mob; deputies protected at the railroad-stations by the police.

Rumor of revolt among the Carlists; and that Don Carlos had ordered the insurgents to be shot upon their capture.

Notices.

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our readers to the advertisements of Messrs. MILLER & GRANT that appear in the JOURNAL from week to week. Many of their goods are a *specialty* with them, and can be found only in such variety and perfection in their store. Their entire stock is imported by themselves direct, some of the firm visiting Europe for this purpose twice each year. We were much interested in looking over their beautifully-assorted stock of fine Fans, fine French Beaded Lace, novelties in French Colored Embroidered Handkerchiefs, new and pretty Rustic Baskets, novelties in Embroideries, Gray Linens, Doilies, Table-cloths, etc. Give their stock an examination.

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